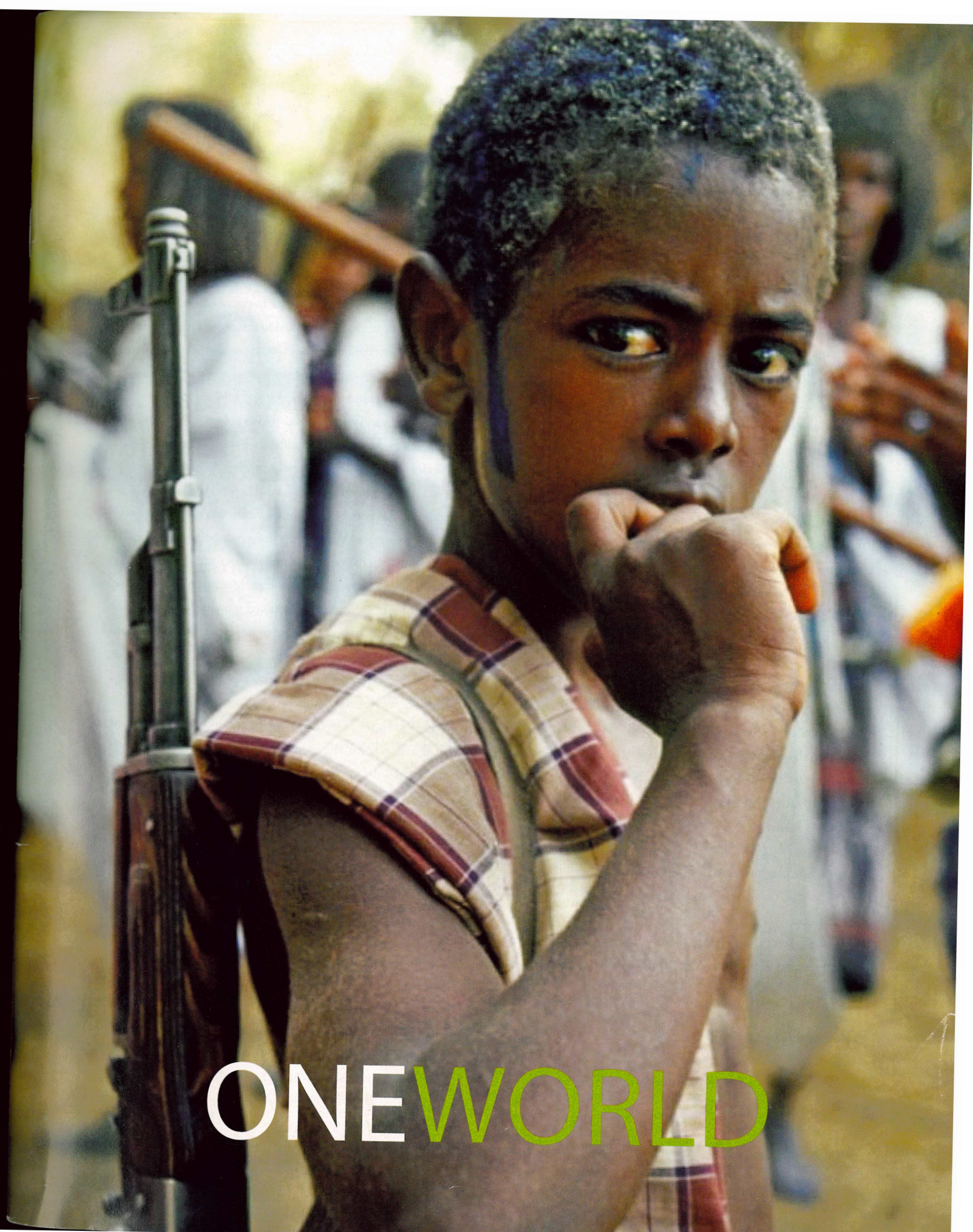
ONEWORLD

OneWorld
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Dear Readers,

One year ago, OneWorld started as a small SLU organization that was created as a response to the need and suffering we observed in our world. We wanted to recognize that, while we are many in our nationalities, cultures, religions and ethnicities, we are the same as global citizens. The purpose of this magazine is not only to combine our research, experience and wisdom into spreading knowledge of world events, but also to expound ways to take action. We emphasize how to make a difference—how to unite to aid our fellow global citizens who are not as privileged as we are.

This concept quickly spread beyond the borders of our campus, and we noted in the last magazine that the University of Illinois- Chicago and Washington University both started OneWorld organizations. In the past three months, our message has spread further to Santa Clara, Boston College, Marquette and John Carroll. OneWorld is truly becoming a national movement. Just one year ago, we could not have anticipated or hoped for this kind of rapid growth, and we accept it gratefully.

As you page through the magazine, you might notice a change: there are articles from different schools. Now you will not only hear from your fellow SLU students, but you will also be able to read what other students are doing around the country to alleviate social injustices in our world. The first part of the magazine is a collection of articles from each school that now has a OneWorld organization. The second part contains articles from SLU students alone. We would eventually like to have this at every school—where each magazine contains the same national articles and then is able to tailor the rest of the magazine to its own students.

Of course, OneWorld could not be what it is today without the generosity of the SLU community. We would like to thank Dr. Michelle Lorenzini, our faculty advisor, Ms. Donna Bess and the Cross Cultural Center, Kent Porterfield, who has been an enormous help in our financial planning, Dr. Timothy Keane, Fr. Reale and Fr. Biondi, who continue to support us. We would also like to thank the students who have truly taken the OneWorld cause as their own and shown us what it means to "Live OneWorld."

Sincerely,
The OneWorld Editorial Board

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We are already one, but we imagine that we are not.
OneWorld exists to rediscover that, while we are many in our cultures, religions and struggles, we are one in our common humanity.
We yearn to remove the barriers of ignorance and indifference, because the most basic and unchanging truth that unites us is the infinite value of the human person.
OneWorld emphasizes this unity by raising awareness of social injustice, inspiring action and transforming our hearts, minds and society.
Live OneWorld.

Constantino Schillaci©cc&a

OneWorld Organization Officers

OneWorld is not just a publication, but an organization that works to foster dialogue and action to alleviate injustices in the world. Listed are the people who work to bring you events, form action groups and keep OneWorld alive.

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Malaria

by Brigid Eckhart, Santa Clara

I have malaria. Malaria is a blood parasite that remains in your bloodstream even after treatment and symptoms subside. The parasite is transmitted through the female mosquito. Malaria is a devastating disease; every year there are between **350 and 500 million cases worldwide**, with at least **one million people dying** as a direct result of malaria infection. Its effects are worsened since malaria endemic regions coincide with the **poorest areas in the world**. Sub-Saharan Africa struggles with the heaviest malaria burden, with the vast majority of infections and at least **90 percent of malaria deaths.** Children **under 5** years and **pregnant women** are at the most risk of these infections and related fatalities.

> “Upon hospitalization, I spent two days on IV fluids. During my entire four days and nights in the hospital, every six hours the nurses injected medications through the IV in my hand, causing shooting pain in both my hand and arm.”

When I embarked to study abroad in the tropical West African nation of Ghana, I knew few of these statistics. Before departure I received a regimen of vaccinations and 126 malaria pills, one to take for each day I was there and for seven days after I returned. I was instructed to avoid going out in the evening and to wear long sleeves, while protecting my skin with repellent. All these things were supposed to protect me from malaria. Upon arrival, we were quickly informed that a student had died of malaria during the previous semester. Despite all these warnings, I quickly realized how uncomfortable it was to cover up during the beautifully cool and breezy nights and how much I hated insect repellent. My only concession involved sleeping under an insecticide-treated mosquito net, which allowed me to sleep undisturbed by bites.

Even though I was not the only one who failed to follow these precautions, I was one of the few who got malaria toward the end of my trip. I spent almost a week with symptoms, arriving at the university hospital with a fever of 104°F. It was here that I was diagnosed with malaria. Upon hospitalization I spent two days on IV fluids. During my entire four days and nights in the hospital, every six hours the nurses injected mediations through the IV in my hand, causing shooting pain in both my hand and arm. I shared a basic room with two Ghanaian students, one of whom also had malaria. As adults with access to proper medical care, neither of us were in fatal danger. Unfortunately, not all people infected with this potentially deadly blood parasite have access to the medication and health care they need to recover.

Although most Americans tend to view malaria as an exotic disease, it was only after the second World War that the United States undertook an effective campaign to mostly rid the U.S. of malaria, while Europe engaged in simultaneous initiatives. They accomplished this with widespread use of the insecticide DDT, which is now banned due to concerns about its harmful effects on the environment.

Unfortunately, most of the malaria endemic areas did not undergo eradication campaigns, and the disease has actually been reemerging in many regions of the world. Africa, specifically, carries an abundance of the most effective malaria vectors (mosquitoes that carry the parasite), and the prevalence of the most deadly parasite that causes malaria, Plasmodium falciparum, which may be fatal.

Along with the direct human cost in lives, malaria drains African economies. Current estimates indicate that the disease results in an annual GDP loss of $12 billion and a so-called yearly growth penalty of as much as 1.3 percent in some African nations. In reference to such figures, it has been suggested that malaria is “both a disease of poverty and a cause of poverty.” Malaria disproportionately affects the poor, who have few resources to combat it. Unlike many people on the continent who contract malaria, I could afford both the treatment and medication I needed.

Especially frustrating, but also hopeful, is that given adequate funds and health care systems, malaria is largely preventable and treatable. The most common methods of malaria management are the use of insecticide treated bed nets (ITNs), indoor residual spraying (IRS), and the intermittent treatment of pregnant women. Combination therapies of anti-malarials are the primary course of treatment, due to the prevalence of drug resistant strains. The most significant obstacles to treatment are difficulties with access to health facilities and quick, reliable diagnoses. The generally poor financing and resourced health infrastructure of many African countries intensifies these problems.

Recently, the international community has begun to recognize the growing problem of malaria and began to acknowledge it as a hindrance to economic growth and depletes resources in the developing world. In coordination with UNICEF, the Untied Nations Development Program and the World Bank, the World Health Organization forged the Roll Back Malaria Partnership in 1998. The broad goal of RMB is to halve the burden of malaria by 2010, tying these goals to the Millennium Development Goals. Commitments from African governments followed, and were codified in the Abuja Declaration in 2000.

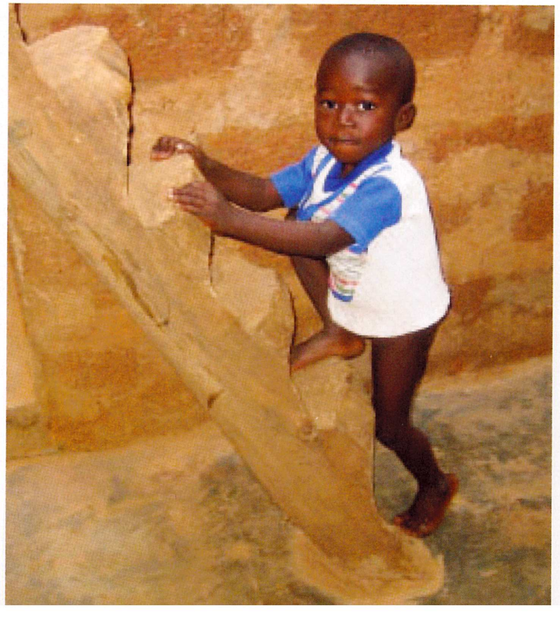
Additionally, the Global Fund to fight AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria was established as a funding initiative to combat these three deadly and related diseases. Recently, the Buy RED campaign has been launched as a celebrity initiative

to raise money for the Global Fund by convincing ordinary consumers to buy RED products, from which a portion of the profits are donated to the Global Fund. Unfortunately, this effort is unlikely to make a dent in the shortfall created by the unfulfilled commitments from the developed world.

Key to reaching the goals to reduce malaria's burden on Africa, and on other endemic regions, are better and affordable access to insecticide treated nets, access to affordable medications, and access to treatment for pregnant women. It is imperative that new and better malaria drugs be developed to combat resistant strains of malaria. Unfortunately, there is little impetus to spend billions researching and developing new drugs with little chance to recoup the costs when sold.

Despite the apparent hopelessness when looking at the re-emergence of malaria in some areas, several countries have managed to control the disease and significantly reduce outbreaks, including South Africa, Brazil and Eritrea. With the aid of international organizations, national governments like Japan, who pledged to donate 10 million nets by 2007, and individuals who contribute to drives to raise funds to purchase treated bed nets, progress is and will continue to be made toward managing and eventually controlling malaria.

Resources now exist to assist schools and individuals to contribute directly to combating malaria through initiatives like Madness Against Malaria (http://www.madnessagainstmalaria.com/en/default.aspx), which seeks to engage groups from all over the world in a competition to raise the most money for bed nets. An insecticide treated net costs around $5, and almost anyone can afford to donate the amount, which could protect an entire family from malaria. When thinking about how you can contribute to malaria prevention worldwide, keep in mind that it is not only an exotic disease, but a disease that even affects Santa Clara students.



St. Louis Dem HH671.054 Issue 3

FAIR TRADE FASHION

Do you think that fair trade fashion means wearing clothing made of burlap sacks? Think again! Fair trade clothing can actually be quite stylish. Take a look at these upcoming fashions for this season.

Blues Paisley Silk Flip Skirt - $69.00. This navy, gray blue and berry skirt is perfect for the upcoming summer weather. It is made fairly in Buji, China, where the factory is air-conditioned and has free meals, a gym facility and an on-site doctor. The factory even pays for workers' train tickets to enjoy the Chinese New Year with their extended families.

Shaped twill Jacket- $79.00. Dress up the skirt with this fitted jacket. It is 100% cotton, and you can wear it with jeans as well! It is made fairly in Shatoujiao, China. The factory is run by two brothers who believe in fair, living wages for workers and are committed to staying there while others flee to northern China for cheaper labor.

Peridot jewelry- $29.00. This necklace/earrings set are made of sterling silver and will compliment any spring wardrobe. Even better, Noah's Ark made them fair trade in the villages of Moradabad, India. Through their profits, they are building a school to provide free education to the children who work in the fields of Moradabad.

Utility Jacket- $79.00. Guys can enjoy fair trade fashion, too, with what Fair Indigo calls the "urban safari jacket." It is made of soft washed twill and would look stunning, whether you're in class or out with the guys. Plus, it's made fairly in an employee-owned worker cooperative in San Jose, Costa Rica. 100% of the profits go to the people who sew the pants.

Check out these fashions and more at www.fairindigo.com

The Other Mexico

By Ian McIntire, Boston College

In America, two ideas of Mexico have come to dominate people's conception of our southern neighbor: one of a Jimmy Buffett-style paradise and the other of an impoverished nation of undereducated and impoverished rural workers. Though each of these classes is undoubtedly a part of Mexico, there is much more to Mexico that is rarely even discussed, a vibrant middle class that lives in a way that is perhaps more familiar to Americans, but with its own richness and traditional influences from Mexico's past.

Living in the small town of Lombardia, Michoacan, this summer, my travel group was privy to the lives that very rarely (if ever) take the main stage in Americans' vacations. To be fair, we had an inside connection: The family that hosted our stay is related to a member of our group. Through the family, we got to see a fairly balanced taste of the "other Mexico" in a town that had never hosted an American tourist as far as anyone could remember.

The family home, where they prepare the only wheat tortillas in town, was located near the center of Lombardia with its plaza, church and shops. The house alternated between chaos and silence, a meeting place for family members, their sons' friends and a few stray hens.

Walter and Aldo, the two sons, are a product of the traditions in Mexico and the influence of European and American culture. Though they speak only Spanish, they are truly international. Styles from Spain, France and America all take turns in their wardrobes and hairstyles, music from all over the Americas plays from their stereos and they both want to know how Americans feel about the war in Iraq. Walking the streets of Lombardia, we met their friends and relatives, who seemed to be everywhere, talking about sports, the disputed presidential election in Mexico and teaching us some dirty words that they thought were important.

Despite their cultural eclecticism, their small-town roots do show through, especially at the weekly dance in a local gym. Reggaetón alternates with American hip-hop and traditional banda and salsa music by Mexican artists. Each Sunday, people of all ages, but mostly teens and 20-somethings, come to dance. It could pass as a high school dance, except that beer is served cold, and it never takes long for a fight to break out. Everyone comes with a date, but in a town where everyone knows everyone else, a set of wandering eyes can spell trouble. The famous Latin machismo is evident in the way that men and women interact, with whistles and catcalls taking part in daily vocabulary.

During the trip, small things often happened that broadened our experience and demonstrated some of the endearing differences between our two cultures. On the third day, one member of our group celebrated her 20th birthday by biting into the cake before anyone cut into it while the entire family sang their traditional birthday song, "Las Mañanitas," to her. Looking through family photo albums, we witnessed years of cake-biting, often displaying cakes bigger than the boys and girls doing the biting.

Later in the trip we attended a quinceañera, a dance similar to a sweet 16, but for 15-year-olds. The girl paraded around in a beautiful dress, smiling at all the guests, dancing with some of them and showing the world that she has passed from childhood to young adulthood. It was a festival of celebration and, although we were the only güeros there, we were welcomed to drink to the girl and her family.

One memory that I will always carry with me is the morning treks to the top of the hill overlooking the town. The young men of the family and I climbed the hill, arriving to a view of the sweeping plain spreading before us, bordered by lush, green mountains in all directions. The morning jaunts gave us time to talk about running (they rarely do it), soccer (they do it often) and the politics of our two nations. The view from the top of that mountain, of the dots of clouds interjected in the sky nearby, will always have a place in my heart, accompanied by the sounds and smells rising up to us as the citizens began their day, washing, eating, laughing and, finally, heading off to work.

From that view, it all seems so simple, but the life in which we took part held too much to understand in the few weeks that we had there. Many people in Lombardia have relatives that have left for America, and many others work for a few dollars a day. None of them serve margaritas or offer handmade bracelets for sale. They live their lives, struggling for the same things that everyone does. To feed and house their family, to keep their kids in school and out of trouble and to enjoy the time they have to spend with their loved ones.

photo by Ian McIntire

Photo by Anne Boyd

A Day in New Orleans

7.23.06

by Anne Boyd, Marquette

Most days, I run to release the stress and sadness of working in dilapidated communities of New Orleans; however, some days, my heart is heavy and drained of energy. On these days, when I am overwhelmed by the reality of post-Katrina, I sit on our apartment's veranda and try to calm down by writing, watching the sun set over the church across the street, reading or talking with my roommates. But, even these relaxing activities cannot ease the emotional anguish that Hurricane Katrina left for the Gulf Coast.

My heart is never numb to the effects of Katrina, because I live in the midst of its destruction. From the view of this veranda, I've noticed a dog wandering around the neighborhood. After observing him many times, I feel that he symbolizes New Orleanians' broken hearts and need for justice.

This young dog has a broken front limb that seems so detached that the only thing holding it together is its skin. He suffers from a constant and aching pain. There is no one to take him to a veterinarian—if there is even one within the area. The New Orleanian people are suffering from the lack of medical attention as well. There aren't enough open hospitals, clinics or medical providers. Who is mending their hearts and bodies?

People are too busy to care for this one dog. They have to worry about fixing their own limbs—homes, families, relationships, jobs, schools, communities. While hopping around—in unvarying pain—he searches for food from one pile of debris to the next. But, nothing is there, just moldy remains from the Gentilly neighborhood.

I'm not sure where he lives. He spends most of his time around three different houses. Sometimes people don't know who stays where in New Orleans. If a person's house has been damaged by the flood, they would need to stay with someone who could take them in. Somehow, someone is taking care of this dog. It is an offer of limited charity, but not justice. Not a cast for his leg—not a regular healthy diet or family to take care of him.

The city receives limited charity and barely any justice. Some have been given aid; many have not. People need justice. They need to stop living in someone else's house and have the opportunity to move back into their own. The Housing Authority of New Orleans needs to allow public housing residents to return to their homes and not sell the property to developers. New Orleanians don't need charity: They need justice. The day laborers receive a limited salary, if at all. They need one that reflects their dignity. They need to be given a just wage that will lift them out of receiving other charities and allow them to be self reliant. They deserve justice for the wage theft and safety violations committed against them. The FEMA trailers are charity; the residents need justice. They need their insurance companies to pay for what was lost, and they need the government to allocate the disaster relief money.

As my roommates and I drove away yesterday, I could see the dog lounging in a chair on the porch. This image showed me that the dog is back to doing what is normal to him—even if he had endured the nation's worst natural disaster and is still recovering 11 months later. He still sits on this porch to watch the cars and the people go on by, just as I do. This is one such moment that fills me with hope, rather than draining it from me.

Jim Conti

Summer Appalachia Trip Leader
New Orleans
Class of 2007 at Boston College

"Seeing with our own eyes makes it all so much more real. Too often, buying into the media's images and depictions allows for a sense of fantasy around a situation. In New Orleans, meeting the people, talking with them, working with them and crying with them, re-created the lens with which all of us viewed this amazing city. Truly, it was not as seen on TV."

"Common ground collective: solidarity not charity" http://www.commongroundrelief.org/

Beyond the Statistics

by Christina Durchholz, Wash U

Feeling the plane descend, I looked out my window to take the first glance I had been eagerly anticipating for the past six months. Grids of tiny electric-orange dots below glowed back at me through the darkness of the night air. "So that's Bangladesh," I thought. "It's amazing how much electricity they actually have down there." I had expected darkness. Until that moment, my vision of the Third-World country had mostly involved small villages of straw huts, where modern conveniences like electricity seemed out of place. Yet it soon became obvious that the lights were coming not from any such village, but from the expansive metropolis of Dhaka that I was flying into. Dhaka. The capital of Bangladesh. The capital of a nation that demonstrates daily why political correctness had a point in replacing the title "Third World country" with "developing country."

Just a minute or so after my first glimpse of Bangladesh, my moment of surprise at seeing so many electric lights was cut short when, with a sudden, simultaneous flicker, every last one of them disappeared. All I could see for several minutes was the thick velvet blackness enveloping the jet. Staring out into the darkness, I began to hope that, for the sake of finding my way around a completely foreign airport, the lights would come back on. Fortunately, about five minutes before landing, they did.

During the remainder of my arrival at the Dhaka airport, I would discover that this rather frequent cycle of gaining and losing power was not an uncommon occurrence. While electricity lit most of my way through baggage claim, it gave out again just as I was making my way to the exit. Its effect on my first view of the outside world was uncanny. Instead of meeting the large crowd of bustling people often found at airports, I found myself surrounded by a throng of shadowy, faceless figures. The thick haze I stepped into (the most overwhelmingly concentrated burnt stench of pollution I have ever inhaled) was amplified by the dull orange glow of the emergency street lamps in the distance and made everyone's movements seem more like treading water than walking. Smoggy darkness made surreal everything I might have, under lighted circumstances, seen as ordinary.

After some time shuffling through the airport exit crowd in near darkness, my guides drove me, as well as the group I was traveling with, into the dense 10 p.m. Dhaka traffic, allowing us to begin taking in the sights, sounds and smells as our van crawled along. All around us, busses, cars, rickshaws and little open-air taxis called CNGs (Compressed Natural Gas vehicles) crowded into five indistinct lanes on a road better fit for two. We were so densely packed in traffic that we could have easily reached from the van and touched the occupants of the surrounding vehicles. Those surrounding us also seemed to have none of the inhibitions Americans have about gazing into others' automobiles: almost every Bangladeshi we passed stared, waved or smiled at the curiosity that we were Americans. In the rare instances when traffic did not dominate the view out the van's windows, we could observe other scenes. To our left, men were scooping shovelfulls and handfulls of dirt into large baskets, apparently performing road maintenance. To our right, a dilapidated four-story that seemed to sag at one end touted the ad: "Hotel of Your Dreams" (in English). Seeing all this, I couldn't help but recall the statistics in the CIA's World Factbook: population of 147,365,352 packed into an area slightly smaller than Iowa; poverty rate of 45 percent (compared to the United States' 12 percent); high risk of infectious diseases like bacterial diarrhea, hepatitis A and E, typhoid fever, malaria due to severe overpopulation; unstable

photos by Christina Durchholz

"All around were lush, verdant rice paddies and sunny patches of mustard flowers in which men, women and children were working and playing."

"We found schools of young individuals dreaming of being doctors, nurses, policemen and engineers."

progress in an effort to become more industrialized and "western."

Still, statistics, and even a few hours in the country, are only enough to form first impressions and generalizations. The truth is, Bangladesh, like other developing countries painted by complex mixtures of stereotypes and realities, is kind of like a rainy day. At first appearance, rainy days can seem gloomy and drab. They are even used as metaphors for bad days, days where everything seems to be going wrong, and this type of metaphor is in some ways appropriate- since rainy days can cause damage and flooding if there are too many at once (Bangladesh is certainly no stranger to this). But all these aspects define only one perspective of what a rainy day is. One of my favorite pastimes is watching individual droplets of rain on the leaves –watching how each one catches the light a little differently, watching how they refresh and make glisten everything that seemed dry and dull before the rain. Thinking about the exquisiteness of each of these rain drops instead of the overall gray dampness, I see not just the gray dampness of a rainy day, but also its millions of tiny jewels waiting to be appreciated and make the world a little bit more beautiful. So ,too, would I come to see that, while Bangladesh has a gray side in being overpopulated and economically under-privileged, it also is full of individuals, who, person by person, add life and beauty to their country and the world.

My first lesson in this was the morning after my group's arrival. At 5:30 a.m., I awoke to a hauntingly beautiful call to worship. Listening to the chant permeating the early-morning air, I could not help but recall my father's words when I told him I was going to Bangladesh: "Why do you have to go to that godforsaken country?" While I'm fairly sure he meant to express concern for my safety in a foreign country, the fact that my father associated the word "godforsaken" with a country that is 83 percent Muslim struck me as ironically stereotypical of the perceptions many Americans have developed in recent years. With this in mind, I wondered, "When was the last time I woke up at the crack of dawn to pray to God?" Later, during my last few days in Bangladesh, I would again recall this word "godforsaken" as I witnessed countless Bangladeshis prepare for the Muslim holiday Eid al-Adha ("The Feast of Sacrifice," commemorating Abraham's willingness to sacrifice Isaac according to God's command). I saw believer after believer lead goats and cows that had been their sustenance, that had for many cost a year's income or more, through the streets to be slaughtered. And I wondered, "When was the last time I had sacrificed something so dear to me as part of my faith?" True, all religions are in some ways different, and sacrifice isn't the sole indicator strong beliefs, but it often is a fairly good one. Seeing such commitment and sacrifice made me seriously question the validity of a label like "godforsaken."

After my group's first few days in Dhaka, we headed out to rural Bangladesh. Past the outskirts of the city, most of the drive involved narrow dirt roads. This part of the trip was bumpy and took about three times as long to travel, and the stuffy city air still lingering in the van began to make me feel carsick. This became such a problem that I requested at one point to stop the van.

Until then, I had been too concerned with taming my stomach to notice how the surroundings had been gradually changing from run-down buildings and smog of Dhaka. Stepping out of the vehicle, however, I marveled at the fact that I was actually breathing in fresh air for the first time since our arrival in Bangladesh. My nausea clearing, I surveyed the landscape. All around were lush, verdant rice paddies and sunny patches of mustard flowers in which men, women and children were working and playing. The sun shone through a clear blue sky instead of a smoggy haze. I realized I was in a place very different from the one I had experienced during first few hours in Bangladesh and, within a few minutes, I wasn't ill anymore.

"Passion, joy and determination are …what I remember about the people I met in Bangladesh."

Bangladesh's rural population is statistically much poorer than its city population. According to the Institute for Integrated Rural Development, the organization hosting our group, this is where we were to find the hard core poor of Bangladesh. And we did. We found the villages of huts I had envisioned before arriving, some of which could hardly be called shelter, since their straw structure would inevitably disintegrate during the next rainy season. We met a family the IIRD officially classified as "hard core poor" living in one of these hovels, whose grandmother broke down into tears while informing us that her 15-year-old grandson, a rickshaw driver and the family's only source of income, could no longer work because he was going blind from malnutrition. We met another family whose 10 month old baby looked like she should have still been in the womb, a baby so limp in its mother's arms from diarrhea that we thought at first that it was dead. Undeniably, we found the suffering, poverty and despair we had expected to find in coming to Bangladesh.

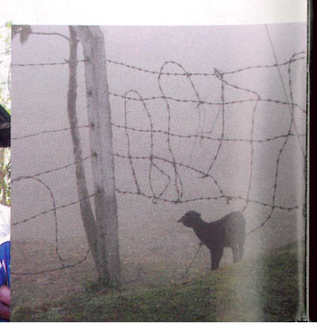
Yet, like the discovery that the country has both extreme pollution and clear blue skies, we found something else, too. We found curious children gathering and laughing upon seeing their pictures on my digital camera, children eager to play cricket with us and to fly the paper airplanes we made for them. We found schools of young individuals dreaming of being doctors, nurses, policemen and engineers. We found boys and girls happy to share their songs and dances with us, and to let us share our songs with them. A particular boy named Arif comes to my mind. We were visiting one of the first-grade classrooms run by the IIRD, and asked if any of the children were willing to sing some of their favorite songs for us. Arif, who later told us he wanted to be an engineer, jumped up, folded his hands behind his back, closed his eyes in preparation and began to sing at the top of his lungs. Another boy followed his performance by singing the same song, but Arif would not be outdone. Assuming his stance once more, he sang that same song one more time, only this time even louder and more clearly, and immediately followed it with another, different tune. Seeing such overflowing passion, joy and determination from such a small person is something that is for me not only unforgettable, but also inspiring.

Passion, joy and determination are, in fact, what I remember about the people I met in Bangladesh. I remember mothers who religiously attended Women and Credit Group meetings to provide for their families. I remember women with

goals to improve their lives, whether that meant saving enough for a goat or cow or a piece of land. I remember people with hope, people who, with the IIRD's support, non-sweatshop job opportunities (e.g. the IIRD's garment workshops) and low-interest loans, had discovered their own potential to uplift themselves from the poverty that had previously defined them. One woman that particularly sticks out in my memory was a member of a village in which a well had recently been installed (a well that only costs $40). To this day, I find it difficult to put into words the enthusiasm radiating from her smile as she pumped out her new, clean water to share with us.

I could never deny the poverty and suffering so many associate with the country of Bangladesh. It's there. I've seen it. It's very easy to find if that's what you're looking for. Just a few days ago, I read a BBC article reporting the destruction of livelihoods caused by the recent increases in the rate of flooding in Bangladesh during the rainy season. However, I've also witnessed hopes and dreams, goals and accomplishments, play and happiness that give its people, all people, something to live for. I've seen the individual successes that, person by person, are developing Bangladesh. I can't forget Arif, or the well woman, or the hundreds of smiles that spread across people's faces in thinking of the potential for the future.

Christina Durchholz spent Winter Break, 05-06 in Bangladesh as a member of Washington University Catholic Student Center's International Service Trip team. The Institute for Integrated Rural Development continues to work with the citizens of Bangladesh to accomplish new successes on a daily basis, and can always use the support of outside donations to further their efforts. For more information about the organization or to donate, contact Virginia Klein at v.klein@iirdna.org or visit http://www.iird.interconnection.org/



Music. An art. A beautiful array of sounds assembled in such a way as to make you feel. You do not know why it makes you feel the way that it does, but you know it is powerful. Music presents us with a completely new world of feeling, knowledge, creativity and awareness. From the classics of John Lennon to the modern-day sound of Akon, music around the world is touching listeners in more than just one way.

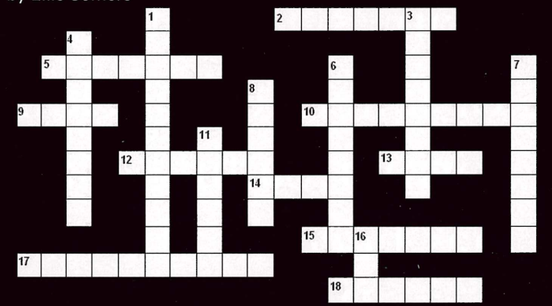
Most of us are probably familiar with the popular artist Akon. What you may not be familiar with is that he was born right here in St. Louis and is an active spokesperson for the United for Africa charity. In his most recent album, Konvicted, released in 2006, Akon included a song entitled "Mama Africa." He wrote this song to bring awareness to Africa and to its importance to him. He sings of Africa: "She lifts me right off the ground, but no ya not gunna see it on ya TV, so just listen up and believe me ..."

Akon (left)
Talib Kweli (right)

Talib Kweli, a hip-hop artist from Brooklyn, N.Y., is another artist who promotes a cause through his music. He has supported the Black August Hip-Hop Project since its inception; it is a project that originated in the concentration camps of California to honor the Freedom Fighters who were gunned down in 1970. Kweli puts on a concert every year in order to help raise awareness of the struggles facing young kids today. Kweli, along with his friend Mos Def also purchased a bookstore in New York and made it into a center for education and culture. He actively tries to spread knowledge to those who will listen. Music is his voice, a voice that makes a difference. "We need to challenge our audience but we also need to challenge ourselves to know," he says.

by Ellie Somers

Crossworld puzzle



Across

2. _____ 101 discusses the M ori people and their traditions
5. European country with both Flemish and French cultures
9. musician who is an active spokesperson for the United for Africa charity
10. OneWorld exists to rediscover that while we are many in our cultures, religions, and _____, we are one in our common humanity.
12. ethnic minority who reside amid the mountains of Hazarajat in Afghanistan
13. Wendy _____, founder of Teach for America
14. Acronym for the major U.S. city still recovering from Hurricane Katrina
15. food crop similar to the sweet potato and extremely drought resistant
17. Synonym of unity, cooperation, and community
18. Albert _____, 2006 World Series Champion

Down

1. Hispanic rite-of-passage celebration of the fifteenth birthday
3. a particular system of belief or worship; e.g. Daoism.
4. the deliberate, systematic extermination of a national, racial, political, or cultural group
6. Palestinian uprising against Israel occurring in both the Gaza Strip and the West Bank in the late 1980's and again in 2000.
7. Khaled _____, author of the novel Kite Runner
8. Country where Auschwitz and Birkenau are located
11. Kenyan greeting that loosely means "What is the news?"
16. Acronym for the university where OneWorld first started

Albert Pujols:

Baseball Player, Father and Humanitarian

The fact that Pujols put up monster numbers in 2006 should come as no surprise. Since arriving in Major League Baseball in 2001, the first-baseman has never hit lower than .314, swatted fewer than 34 homers, or failed to knock in at least 117 runs. A former batting champion and MVP, Pujols has become the most feared hitter in the bigs. But it turns out that baseball isn't Pujols' only cherished pastime. As good of a ballplayer as Pujols is, he is an even better human being.

Photo Courtesy of Pujols Family Foundation

by Tony Meale, SLU

"I wanted to hit a grand slam off of the field," Pujols said.

And hit a grand slam, he did.

In May of 2005, he and his wife, Deidre, launched the Pujols Family Foundation, an organization with the simple goal of loving and serving any child in need, especially those afflicted with Down syndrome. Deidre's daughter, Isabella, who Pujols has adopted, was born with the condition.

Pujols has been active in the community –both in St. Louis and in his native Dominican Republic– for years. He led a school supply drive in 2005 and donated 1,000 pairs of shoes to children living in the Caribbean island. Last summer, Pujols started Operation Smile, a program designed to provide dental care for children in the D.R. who have never been to a dentist.

Giving back is one thing, but a commitment to give back is another. When the rest of his Cardinals teammates traveled to the nation's capital in January to meet the president –as is the tradition for any team that wins the World Series– Pujols passed on the opportunity to meet the Commander in Chief, opting instead to go on a mission trip to his homeland. Pujols, along with six doctors, visited three villages, attending to sick children and providing them with health education. In just six days, Pujols had helped more than 1,000 children, and hopes to return next to the D.R. next year.

Pujols' desire to help others stems from his childhood. Born on January 16, 1980, Jose Alberto Pujols grew up on the streets of Santo Domingo. His family lived in less than modest conditions, and relied on assistance programs from the government to survive.

Pujols began playing baseball when he was old enough to walk. By the time he was 6-years-old, Pujols was playing baseball every day and dreamed of making it to the Major Leagues. The game became, for him and his family, a way out of the D.R. They moved to New York in the early 1990s when Pujols was 16, but the cost of living and the city's high crime rate forced them out of the Big Apple. They moved to Independence, Mo.

Pujols became a star at Fort Osage High School, where he won a state championship and was an All-State selection two years in a row. When he was 18, Pujols enrolled at Maple Woods Community College and became a legitimate MLB prospect. Pujols worked his way up through the St. Louis farm system before finally reaching the bigs at the age of 21. He hit .329 with 37 long balls and 130 RBI in 2001, and was named Rookie of the Year.

Most professional athletes would become increasingly self-absorbed by their accomplishments. Pujols isn't most athletes.

"I never take things for granted," Pujols said. "I try to spend as much time as possible with God and my family. That's more important than anything I'm doing in baseball."

Deidre can attest to that.

"He's an excellent human being; kind, gentle and caring," she said. "He's an amazing ballplayer who would never say that he's amazing."

Pujols' attention will soon turn toward the upcoming season, as the Cardinals attempt to repeat as world champions. Regardless of whether or not Pujols hoists another trophy in October, one thing is certain: he's a winner. And it's not because of baseball.

For more information, check out www.pujolsfamilyfoundation.org

"Most professional athletes would become increasingly self-absorbed by their accomplishments. Pujols isn't most athletes."

The Emerging Water Crisis

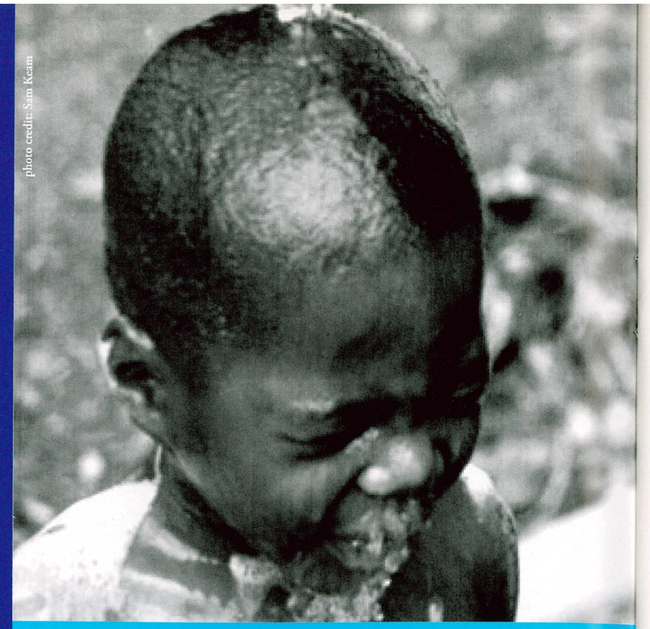


photo credit: Sam Keam

Nearly 450 million people in 29 countries currently face severe water shortages.

20 percent more water than is now available will be needed to feed the additional three billion people who will be alive by 2025.

As much as two-thirds of the world population could be water-stressed by 2025.

Aquifers, which supply one-third of the world's population, are being pumped out faster than nature can replenish them.

Half the world's rivers and lakes are seriously polluted.

Major rivers, such as the Yangtze, Ganges and Colorado, do not flow to the sea for much of the year because of upstream withdrawals.

A Middle Class Emerges:

India Catches Up With a Vengeance

by Sameera Guttikonda, UIC

A strange new juxtaposition is being encountered in India: The ever-present cows ambling by the roadside are now accompanied by high-tech Internet WiFi stalls. The classic Mughal architecture in Hyderabad is being overshadowed by shiny, new, glass-walled multi-stories. Even the people are changing. Bright saris are slowly giving way to "casual business" attire. English is heard more often on the streets than any indigenous language. India, in short, is being westernized.

There has been no shortage of western publicity on the explosion of India. People are beginning to realize the potential that this former Third World country can offer. Overnight, it seems, India has morphed from an overpopulated nation to a competitive world power. And, although we have analyzed and re-analyzed the impact of all of this in the West, there is little interest about it in India itself. How is the country coping with the sudden influx of technological intelligence?

When India was first realized to hold vast information technology power, it received masses of negative publicity from the United States, which saw the outsourcing of IT jobs as a personal attack against worthy Americans. However, it became clear that outsourcing was here—or rather there—to stay. Americans were often surprised to discover the type of person who replaced them. The new IT helper was usually very young, often female and very well-educated. They were also paid far less than the original U.S. job holder. However, even at just one-third of the equivalent U.S. salary, the amount of money earned by this new crop of professionals was enough to propel the majority of them into a place of financial comfort and stability. Thus, the increasing numbers of the middle class emerged.

In the United States, the middle class consists of the majority of the population. However, in India, there has long been little difference between the wealthy and the poor. The middle class was the least represented within the population. The IT explosion changed all that. As more and more international companies rewired their helplines to India, more young people were able to be consistently upwardly mobile. Suddenly, a scooter, the standard mode of transportation, was upgraded to a small car. Movies and meals at restaurants, instead of being activities saved for special occasions, became a common weekly, if not daily, practice.

The result of this was the inability of the Indian infrastructure to keep up. As young people began to make more, and thus spend more, money, the economy had and is having a difficult time accommodating them. Satyam Computers is among the top three IT companies in India, along with Infosys and Wipro. Satyam Computers employee Hari Vallabhanneni says that, in the past year, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find a seat at a movie theater or a table at a restaurant. Even worse, he says, is the traffic. India built its highway and road system based upon the fact that the scooter was and would continue to be the major mode of transportation. But now, all of the new cars on the roads are causing tremendous congestion—congestion enough for civil engineers to be brought in to attempt to remedy the problem.

Another phenomenon that India is experiencing is its growing fascination with the West. India was colonized by Great Britain until it won its independence in 1947. At that time, there was a great feeling of patriotism; Indians often bought and used only products made in their own country in order to prove to themselves and others that India was truly capable of supporting itself. However, as new generations came about, and increasing globalization ensued, the West again thrust itself upon India.

In any major Indian city, it is impossible to walk down the street without seeing a Pizza Hut, a McDonald's, a Gap, a Tommy Hilfiger or a Nike—all quintessentially American brands. And, despite the cost inflation that these companies implement to their international stores, people continue to buy these products. A Tommy Hilfiger T-shirt in Chicago can cost $30. In India, it will cost 4,000 rupees, which amounts to about $90. Young Indians, despite knowing that this inflation exists, are so desperate for Western products, that they often pay anyway.

Never before has India experienced so much buying power placed in the hands of its youth. But, never before has India experienced so much intelligence in its youth. Government subsidized schools like the IITs in India and Bitts Pilani, famous for attracting and recruiting the best of the best, are churning out future CEOs and multi-millionaires every year. Among them include Vinod Khosla, the co-founder of Sun Microsystems, and N. R. Narayana Murthy, chairman of Infosys. The attention that famous grads such as these have brought has only intensified the desire for young Indians to pour themselves into technology in hopes of coming out on top. Thus, the IITs have famously become more difficult to gain admission to than Harvard, Yale and Princeton combined. Thus, it is easy to assume that these learning institutions can be held at least partially responsible for the economic explosion within India.

India has, within the last decade, successfully transformed itself from an underdeveloped, seemingly uneducated country into a viable international power. With this came the strong and sudden emergence of the middle class, further solidifying India's place within the global economy. India, it seems, has become a force to be reckoned with.

As Simple As a Touch

by C. Mae Waugh, Boston College

Communication is as simple as a touch, as easy as two hands reaching out to grasp each other. One hand encloses another, and you've said hello. The proper way to greet someone in many cultures is to shake his or her hand. A handshake begins relationships and closes business deals. It is a symbol of friendship, glad tidings and good luck. But, holding another's hand can be so much more significant. I did not realize the importance or the power of grasping someone's hand until I went to Africa, where this way of greeting changed my life and touched my heart.

Everyone shakes hands in Kenya. When two people meet in the street, they greet one another with a handshake and ask, "Habari?" which, roughly translated, means, "What is the news?" The only appropriate response is "Misouri," meaning, "The news is good," because that is what everyone wants to hear. It is ironic to me that "misouri" sounds so much like the English "misery." When I looked around Africa, I saw children half-clothed, standing barefoot and hungry outside their thatched-roof homes; women walking for miles carrying buckets of water on their heads; and men standing on the street corner, idle, looking for mischief because there are no jobs. I looked about myself, and, to my western eyes, I saw misery. But, in these people's hearts, all they would accept was good news. I'm not sure whether that is obtusely optimistic or hopelessly delusional on their part, but, as a journalist, I cannot help but admire the way they cling to good news amid the squalor in which they live.

I went to Kenya hoping to change the world, not knowing what I would encounter there or what to expect. It was a mission trip and pilgrimage, so I assumed that I would do work projects, develop relationships with the locals and push myself physically and spiritually. I did not know exactly what my tasks would be, but I went with this bible verse from John in my heart: "For I have called you friends ... You did not choose me but I chose you, and I appointed you to go and bear fruit—fruit that will last." I went to see and experience and live, and I returned with a new perspective on the world.

Like a tourist, I carted along my camera everywhere I went, hoping to document my experience with pictures. I did not know that it was through the lens of my camera that I would be touched and learn so much.

Familiar with missionaries, the children of the village in which we stayed recognized us by our long skirts, straw hats and digital cameras, the latter intriguing them the most. Wherever we went, with our cameras hanging from our wrists, we would develop a following of children. "Hi, how are you?" they would ask in their accented, limited English, and they knew enough to respond "Fine" when you asked them, "How are you?" in return. Those who knew more English would ask for a picture by saying "snap," and those who did not would just stand in front of you, waiting for you to take their photograph.

One day, we were out in the country visiting orphan homes, walking miles in between each one. We were in the St. Polycarp Parish in Emukasa, Kenya, and, as the local children saw us foreigners walking around and taking pictures, they began to follow us. After a lot of pestering and individual photographs, we finally posed for a group photograph outside of the last home we visited. And it was there that I was touched.

With limited communication, we formed a group pose with the little ones in front and all of us squishing to fit within the shot. But before the picture was taken, I felt someone touch my hand. I turned and saw a young Kenyan girl slipping her small hand into mine. She looked about 7 years old. Her body was thin and gangly, her head was shaved and her dress was threadbare and torn. I can assume that she was an orphan because most of the children following us that day were orphans, and it was clear from her appearance that she struggled in life. She had bright, beautiful eyes and looked up at me imploringly. Her expression was a mixture of bewilderment, fascination and hope. There was a question in her eyes, and I imagine she grabbed my hand yearning for a connection, looking for someone out there who cares.

My heart melted at that moment. We were a First- and Third World juxtaposition personified. I was a rich, white American missionary who had opportunities to go somewhere in life. Of course, I had experienced my own problems, but, compared to what this child has faced and will face, my money and family problems seemed inconsequential. She was a young African child who was obviously impoverished and most likely orphaned. Her government guarantees her a free primary education, but she had none of the opportunities with which I have been blessed. We came from worlds apart, but—at this moment—our worlds collided.

I smiled for the picture, but my eyes were looking down at our joined hands. Mine was bigger and lighter toned, while hers was much smaller and darker. I didn't know her name and I couldn't have asked it because she didn't speak any English. I didn't know her parents or her address or her life story, and she didn't know mine. But, at that moment, we were connected. Our joined hands superseded our differently colored skins, our different languages, our different nationalities and backgrounds. We were connected, one human to another. Together, she and I made one world.

The picture was taken and the children dispersed. Knowing our moment of connection would soon end, I took my hand from hers, wrapped my arms around her small shoulders and gave her a hug. She seemed a little shocked, but quickly hugged me back. I leaned down and snapped a photo of just her and me and then showed it to her. Her brow furrowed in confusion as she stared at the little girl in the picture, but she smiled with delight when she realized it was herself. I gave her another hug and then she ran along, back to her world, back to her life, and my group and I continued on our way.

That little girl did not just touch my hand. She touched my heart. I went to Africa to change the world, but it was that little girl who changed me. Her act and her bravery in grasping my hand empowered and enlightened me. I know I cannot make a substantial impact on the world alone, but it only takes one touch to make an imprint in someone's life. In our grasp, my life was marked and so was hers. If I can impact this child's life and share her story with others who can help, then awareness will grow, help will come and change will occur.

God calls us to be fruitful and multiply. I touch her, she touches me. And then I will go and touch others, who will then go on to touch still more people, and she will do the same. And, in that way, the world changes one hand at a time.

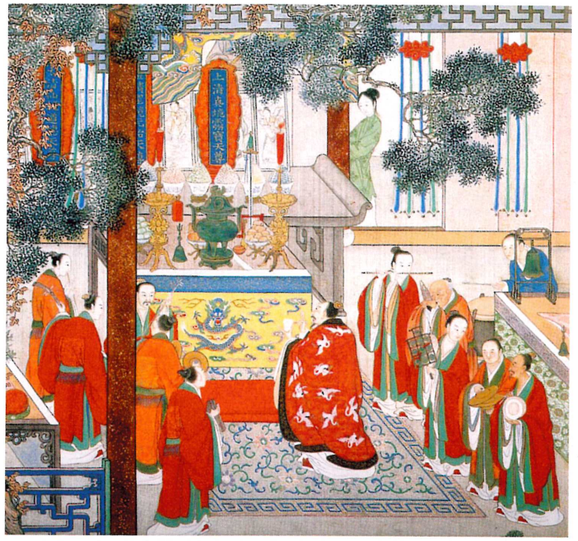
The squalor in Africa is temporary. With help, these people can fill their stomachs, build water wells and obtain jobs. It is a slow process, but it has begun. Women's organizations are mobilizing change at the grassroots level and missionaries are spreading awareness of the problems to concerned people in the United States. So, I shall hold fast to the hope that I saw in that young girl's eyes and the Kenyan people's hope that the news will always be good. I hope that I will be able to share my experience and touch others who might also be able to help and might also be able to touch. It is through these touches that we will change this world and make it one. It's as simple as a touch—as easy and as difficult as that.

What can we do to help? Africa is plagued with problems, but the biggest is hunger and lack of education. The first step is to feed the children, because they are the future of the countries. The Diocese of Massachusetts, along with missionaries from the United States, has created an orphan feeding program that currently feeds 14 parishes of 500 orphans one protein meal a week. It costs $4,000 to feed a parish for a year, which is only $8 to feed a child for a year.

A school uniform for a child also costs only $8. Primary education is free, but children must have uniforms to be able to attend and, with no money for food, few have the privilege of a school uniform. Besides the fact that a uniform enables a child to pursue an education, it also gives him or her a sense of self-worth. In Kenya, anyone who is important has a uniform, and, by providing these orphans with uniforms, it tells them they are important and that someone cares. What an easy way to touch someone's life.

photo by C. Mae Waugh

Religion 101



Taoism (also know as Daoism) is a religion centered on the concept of the tao, which means "path" or "natural way" of the universe. It can be equated to a power that flows through all things. Being one with the Dao means to accept impermanence and flexibility and come to see the harmony of opposites that exist in nature. Time is cyclical and good health is strongly promoted. The development of three virtues, compassion, moderation, and humility, are one's main task in life. Many believe Lao-Tse (604-531 BCE) to be the founder of Taoism. He was the author of Tao te Ching ("The Book of the Way") one of the most influential Taoist texts. Taoism is one of the three great religions of China, along with Buddhism and Confucianism. Today, 20 million people follow Taoism and a majority of those followers can be found in Taiwan.

Interested in learning more about Taoism?

visit: www.religioustolerance.org

or read The Tao of Pooh (Benjamin Hoff), a book that uses Winnie the Pooh to introduce the basic principles of the Taoist religion. Hoff also wrote a companion book, the Te of Piglet.

Muslim Madonna

by Allison Reilly, SLU

At first, her music videos and voice seem to be typical pop music. But a closer look reveals something much more provocative. Dubbed the "Muslim Madonna" by British media, Deeyah has stormed the music scene in Great Britain and her native Norway, tackling issues such as women's rights, prejudice and violence with her music. Deeyah pursues a noble passion at a disturbing price.

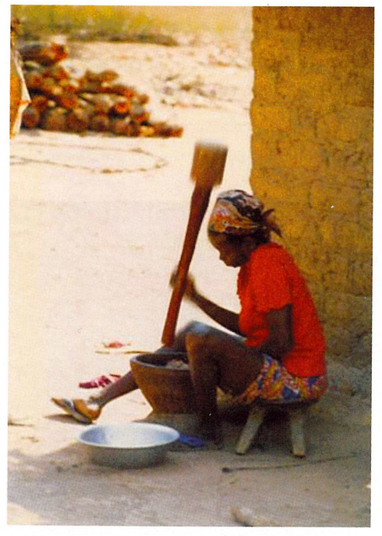
Born Deepika Thataal to Muslim immigrant parents, Deeyah sang from an early age. As a female Muslim, many in the conservative Muslim community disapproved of her actions, as she remembers people sitting her parents down and asking them why they would let their daughter act in such a way, when they would not let their sons do it. But she persisted, appearing regularly on Norwegian television and releasing her hit single, "Plan of My Own" in the UK in 2005.

Once the music video to "Plan of My Own" aired in the UK, Deeyah endured much backlash from the video, receiving death threats and negative comments on her website that called her "an insult to Islam" and that she "deserves to be raped." In an interview with CNN, she recalled the creepiest thing someone ever told her: "This person wished to cut my stomach, to prevent another whore like me from being born. And that the same thing should have happened to my mother." Deeyah continued, releasing the single "What Will it Be." The music video depicts a woman shedding her traditional burka to reveal a swimsuit underneath, and Deeyah encourages Muslim women to speak up.

Currently, Deeyah is working on her newest album in the United States, hoping to find a new audience and express herself without feeling threatened. Check out her official website at http://www.deeyah.com.

Cassava:

A Solution to Hunger in Africa?



by Jacob James Elmer, University of Missouri Rolla

The average person in this country has probably never heard of cassava. Many do not know that it could provide a huge reliable food source for millions of Africans. It could help create a new economy that would support the development of several third world countries.

So what is cassava? Cassava is a food crop that is similar to the sweet potato. The plant is extremely drought resistant and has the second highest food energy yield of any plant in the world (sugarcane boasts the highest energy yield, but is low in nutritional value). These characteristics make cassava the ideal crop for many subsistence farmers in central Africa. However, there are two major challenges associated with this miracle crop.

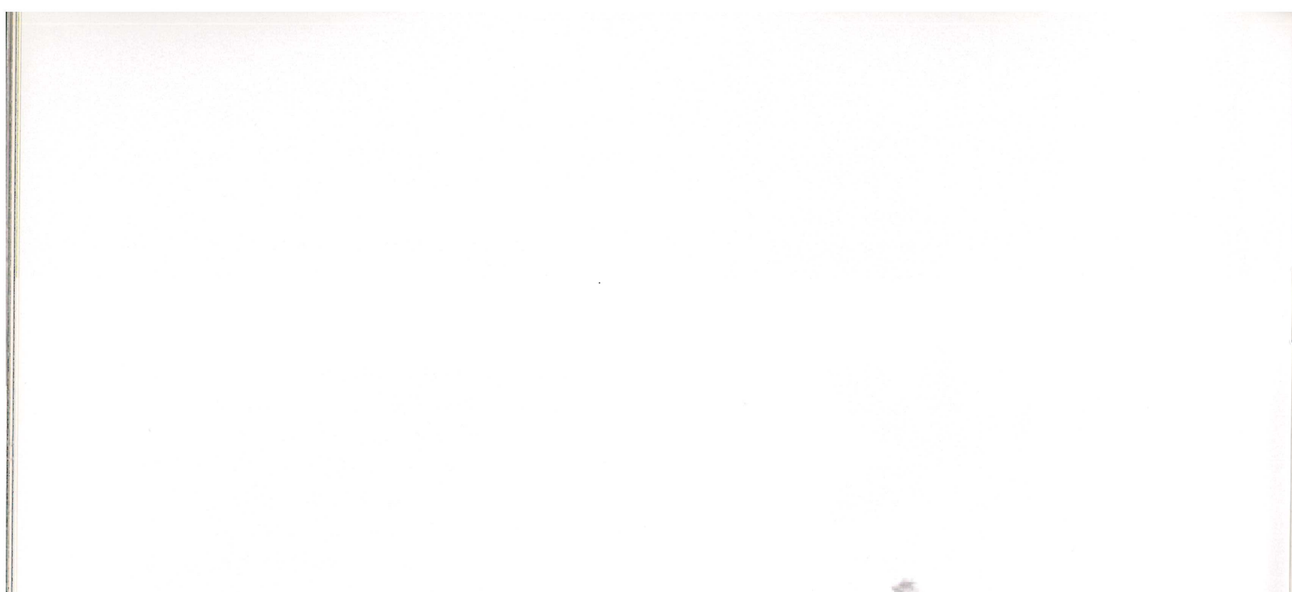
The first challenge that cassava poses is the cyanide that the tuber releases during digestion. As bad as it sounds, this problem could be easily circumvented with proper preparation (like boiling). The crop is definitely edible; it is a main ingredient in tapioca pudding. Researchers are also working on transgenic varieties of cassava that are not cyanogenic. If they succeed, they could open up a new world market for the crop, giving cassava farmers a new stake in the global economy.

The second challenge is a virus that causes Cassava Mosaic Disease. CMD is a disease that has spread across Africa, mutating along the way and wiping out countless fields of cassava. In order to illustrate the devastation of this disease, consider what it would be like if a virus wiped out all of the corn in Kansas. This exact situation is occurring right now in Uganda, where CMD is wiping out up to 100 percent of the cassava in some areas. A worldwide initiative to combat this disease has been started and some of the work is actually being done at the Donald Danforth Plant Science Center in St. Louis.

It is impossible to fully illustrate the immense potential of cassava in a single article. The challenges that face cassava can be solved, the only factors will be time and funding. If you would like to learn more about cassava and the fight against CMD, you can reference the following sources:

Cassava Research at the Danforth Center: www.danforthcenter.org/iltab/cassavanet/

General Cassava Information: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cassava



Hazara

"History isn't easy to overcome. Neither is religion. In the end, I was a Pashtun and he was a Hazara, I was a Sunni and he was a Shi'a, and nothing was ever going to change that. Nothing."
Khaled Hosseini, Kite Runner.

by Priscilla Kunamalla, UIC

Identity. In a world that undergoes perpetual change, our identity is the one aspect of our personas that stands resilient and endures in the face of diversity. While our ethnic roots and religious beliefs, along with our dreams, priorities and passions, may distinguish us from our neighbors, those very factors also fortify the bonds we share with those most like us. In our youth, we generally lose sight of the importance of our identity and the uniqueness that we each offer to society; however, it is when our identities are targeted that we see how truly valuable they are.

Over the course of world history, there has been a marked tendency to single out groups because of their cultural or ethnic differences. In an unfortunate pattern, humans seem to have left no room for those who do not conform to the standards society has created. What is the price we pay for the exclusive status quo that has been set?

The answer to this question is a heartrending reality that the Hazaras of central Afghanistan have faced for centuries. The Hazara people are an ethnic minority who have, for the past 2,000 years, resided amid the rugged and wildly beautiful mountains of Hazarajat in Afghanistan. Today, however, few are aware of their very existence. It was only after reading Khaled Hosseini's novel *Kite Runner* that I learned of their moving story myself. In it, Hosseini brilliantly weaves the story of Amir, a young boy from a prosperous Afghan family, and his servant Hassan, who is ruthlessly discriminated against because of his identity as a Hazara. As both the novel and history soon reveal, it is the Taliban's rise to power that marks the period of brutal treatment and deliberate persecution of the Hazaras. As a result, the genuine bond shared by Amir and Hassan is doomed to change forever and, furthermore, the identity of the Hazara people is systematically attacked from every angle.

The word "Hazara" stems from the Persian word hazar, meaning "one thousand." Hazaras have a unique identity that delicately diverges from that of the majority of Afghanis. Their distinctiveness is carved out by their mixed heritage, culture and religion. The Hazaras reconcile these differences by molding together a unique way of life within their communities. At the same time, unjust discrimination, coupled with the sting of ethnic biases and unforeseen levels of persecution, have come agonizingly close to tearing apart the identity that has been so painstakingly established. The Hazaras, like many other minority groups in the world, have been betrayed by humanity, yet the intrigue that surrounds the Hazaras emanates from the fact that they have not let their profound suffering and unjustifiable losses define who they are.

Little is known about the true origins of the Hazara populations in Afghanistan. Many believe their ancestry derives from a fusion of the Mongolian and Caucasoid races. This gives rise to the widely held theory that Hazaras are direct descendants of Genghis Khan, the legendary political and military leader of the Mongol Empire during the 13th century. Other theories propose that their ancestry takes root among the Koshanis, the ancient inhabitants of Afghanistan who are known for constructing the ancient Buddhist statues in Bamiyan, which is considered to be the capital of Hazarajat. While many cultures possess the ability to take pride in their ancestral lineages and can accurately retrace their histories as a people, the Hazaras have to make do with a subdued past and an uncertain future.

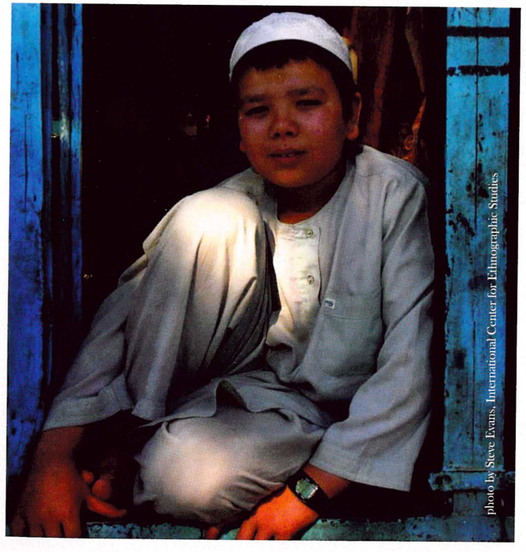


photo by Steve Evans, International Center for Ethnographic Studies

Hazaras have been physically, socially and politically isolated from the majority of those in Afghanistan. Just as in other societies, ethnic biases arise partly due to differences in the physical characteristics that set the Hazaras apart from other Afghanis. Their Asian features, which were supposed attributes from their Mongoloid roots, distinguish them from other Afghanis. Another source of further isolation was their distinct language, which they refer to as Hazaragi. It consists of Dari, a Farsi dialect, along with Turkish and Mongol vocabulary. This cultural division was further strengthened by the fact that the majority of Hazaras belong to the Shi'a sect of Islam, while Afghanistan as a whole is predominantly of the Sunni sect. This religious rift has perhaps played the most powerful role in the unwarranted treatment of the Hazaras, not only because of the direct political effects that ensued, but also because of the profound loss of human lives that followed.

As we are witnessing today, the problematic relationship between the Sunni and Shi'a sects is the cause of countless years of war, as well as political and social unrest. For nations like Afghanistan, this has translated into religiously based political affiliations, as well as religiously determined social classes. For centuries, the Hazaras were viewed as easy targets in the ongoing Shi'a–Sunni conflict; not only did they stand out culturally, but they were Shi'a minorities as well. More recently, in 1996, when the Taliban, a militant Sunni Muslim group, captured Kabul, the Hazaras joined the United Front and fought against the establishment of the Taliban government in Afghanistan. In response, Taliban forces carried out numerous documented massacres in Hazara enclaves throughout Hazarajat and other outlying provinces such as Mazar-e-Sharif between 1998 and 2001.

In each Hazara village, hundreds of thousands of Hazara men, women and children were brutally massacred in an act that was openly acknowledged by Taliban officials themselves as genocide. In 1998, Mullah Menon Niazi, then the Taliban governor of Mazar-e-Sharif, stated publicly that, "Hazaras are not Muslims. You can kill them. It is not a sin." In another speech he was quoted to have said, "The policy of the Taliban is to exterminate the Hazaras." In the city of Bamiyan, the Taliban initiated a mass murder of Hazaras by burning down houses and entire villages. Males older than 13 years old were arrested or killed on sight; the arrested were taken into the desert, only to be murdered there. Often times, body parts were chopped into pieces and desecrated. If Hazara women and girls were not killed, they were raped, enslaved

and sold as prisoners to neighboring countries. In total, more than 150,000 Hazaras were killed in what the Taliban hoped would be a total annihilation of the Hazara race. The Hazaras were singled out under the guise of religious affiliation; however, it wasn't difficult to see that these acts of hatred were carried out based purely on deeply embedded ethnic prejudices.

In Bamiyan, the two ancient Buddhist statues carved into the Hindu Kush mountains were destroyed by Taliban forces in 2001. Hazaras were known to have been protecting the priceless historic monuments for more than 1,600 years before they were destroyed at the hands of the Taliban regime. The statues were considered to be among the most magnificent architectural masterpieces in the world and were still in perfect condition. Not only did the Taliban attempt a horrific ethnic cleansing of the Hazaras, which is appalling enough, but they went further by taking a direct strike at the hearts and minds of the Hazara people by demolishing the Bamiyan Buddhas. It became clear that, to the Taliban, the existence of the Hazaras was arbitrary. The Hazaras had been oppressed from all sides, yet they were able to stand firm, and were no doubt sustained by their strong sense of identity.

These atrocities alone would be enough to devastate a minority group and leave them with a deep sense of dismay about the shortcomings of humanity. The Hazaras, however, seem to have undergone a transformation that united their communities and pressed them toward a more promising future. Slowly, Hazaras became prominent figures in Afghan politics. Dr. Sima Samar, a native Hazara, is currently chairperson of the Afghanistan Independent Human Rights Commission and serves as a beacon of hope to both Hazaras and Muslim women that their identity is what should strengthen their zeal to do great things—not hinder it. In 2002, Hazara University was established near the border of Pakistan and has played a monumental role in raising the spirits of the Hazara people and in staking a claim in the strengthening of their identity as a people.

Throughout their history, the Hazaras have been underrepresented and oppressed and have been faced with near obliteration of their community, making them the most persecuted ethnic group in Afghanistan. Nonetheless, Hazaras have taken progressive steps to represent themselves in the modern political and social forefronts. However, it should not escape us that there are countless Hazaras in the mountains of Hazarajat who have no intention of leaving their homes or changing their ways of life. Through their subtle resilience, they seem to be unashamed of who they are, despite the undeniable suffering that their identity as Hazaras has caused them. The Hazaras seem to have found true

beauty in their captivating culture, intriguing identities and simply in living their lives for no one but themselves.

In the end, that is all any one of us can hope for: to be assured within the core of our spirits that our identity is ours to shape. Governments may fail us, and society might leave us disappointed, just as wealth will diminish and wrinkles will inevitably appear. However, one thing that is sure to remain is our identity. It is perhaps the only thing we will ever truly own.

A Privilege

by Nicole Trafton, SLU

It is a privilege to write for OneWorld. A privilege implies a benefit that is granted to someone, but not granted to most. Writing might not seem like such a benefit when it's the day before the deadline and you have three tests the next day and you're bombarded with e-mails from editors asking for your article and you stare at a blank computer screen with a serious case of writer's block. But there are people who are not afforded this privilege.

Many people risk imprisonment or death when they write about their beliefs or reveal critical facts about their government. Last year, the president of Belarus imprisoned anyone who spoke out against his fraudulent election. In February, Rahman Qul, editor of a government-run Afghanistan magazine, was shot and killed by two armed motorcyclists, said by police to be the Taliban. In Iraq, a total of 86 journalists and media assistants have been killed since the war began on March 20, 2003. This is more than the number killed during 20 years of war in Vietnam or the civil war in Algeria, according to Reporters Without Borders (RSF).

Aidan White, the general secretary of the International Federation of Journalists, said that murder of journalists "show the intense pressure that journalists face around the world. In armed conflict, journalists are too often regarded as troublesome and interfering by combatants who care little about the job that they do and who are cruelly insensitive to media victims." IFJ reported that 2007 already looks to be a year filled with bloodshed for journalists. The deaths before Feb. 21 of this year include two journalists in Africa, two in the Americas, three in the Asia Pacific region, one in Europe and 10 in the Middle East.

We are lucky enough to live in an environment where we can write and publish a magazine like OneWorld without fearing prison or the barrel of the gun. As John F. Kennedy said, "For those to whom much is given, much is required." Freedom of expression is our privilege, but it should be everyone's right. It is our responsibility to fight for those who don't have it.

Peace Lockout

"The test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time and still retain the ability to function. One should, for example, be able to see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise." F. Scott Fitzgerald

by Kelly Bienhoff, SLU

If one conflict in the world seems hopeless right now, it is the Israeli–Palestinian conflict. The half-century-long struggle appears to be an intractable quagmire without any foreseeable peace settlement in the near, or even distant, future. OneWorld acknowledges that the Israeli–Palestinian struggle seems hopeless, but is nevertheless determined to make it otherwise. The organization's aim is threefold: raising awareness of social injustice, inspiring action and transforming hearts, minds and society. The innumerable injustices that are perpetuated against both Israelis and Palestinians necessitates that this magazine address the conflict. OneWorld seeks to generate dialogue regarding the conflict, but there also exists a moral imperative to help bring about a paradigm shift. There needs to be a transformation of individual hearts and minds before we can begin to transform how society views the conflict. It is only then, after reviewing how we view the conflict, can we begin to inspire action that has constructive and lasting results.

This transformation can only happen if one thinks of the conflict in intelligent terms—the intelligence to which Fitzgerald refers above. It is crucial that we hold the two opposing positions of both the Israelis and the Palestinians in our minds at the same time and still retain the ability to function. For that reason, we can no longer afford to look at the conflict through a lens colored by blame. It is by polarizing ourselves and choosing one side that we close ourselves off to promoting a viable peace settlement. This is not to say that sympathizing with one side or the other and/or criticizing the Israeli or Palestinian positions isn't acceptable or justified. But rather, choosing sides hasn't proven constructive so far and continues to act as a barrier to the peace process. Inevitably, one realizes that the conflict is neither wholly black nor white, but numerous shades of gray.

One common misconception of the Israeli–Palestinian conflict is that it is largely a religious conflict. In reality, it is not so much a religious conflict as it is a conflict over land—a land with more than five

millennia of history and holy to Jews, Christians and Muslims alike. The conflict between Israelis and Palestinians dates back to the 1880s, when the emergence of Zionism inspired the first waves of Jewish immigration to Palestine. Europe, during the late 19th century, experienced a surge in nationalist ideas, and Jews were one minority group that experienced much persecution as a result. Out of this anti-Semitism, Zionism evolved as a movement among Jews to create a state of their own. Zionists identified Palestine as an ideal location for this new nation, due to its historical significance to Judaism. The first waves of Jewish immigration began in 1882 and continued unimpeded until World War I, when the Ottoman government, in control of Palestine at the time, halted the continued influx of Jewish settlers. Following the war and the fall of the Ottoman Empire, immigration resumed as Great Britain assumed control of the region under a League of Nations mandate. The mandate incorporated the Balfour Declaration of 1917, a British declaration that supported the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, so long as it did not infringe upon the rights of the "non-Jewish community."

With the rise of Nazism in Europe, Jewish immigration swelled in the interwar years and, by the end of 1945, the Jewish population had reached approximately half a million. The number jumped to 700,000 after 200,000 homeless Jews from displaced persons camps immigrated to Palestine following the Holocaust. Over the course of this gradual immigration from the 1880s to the 1940s, opposition from Arabs living in Palestine increased. For the most part, however, they were politically fragmented and marginalized, which resulted in their inability to lobby effectively against the large influx of Jewish immigrants. Following the war, many Western nations supported the Jews in their efforts to create their own state, despite mounting Arab opposition. The pressures of governing the territory influenced Great Britain to turn control of Palestine over to the United Nations. In 1947, the U.N. General Assembly offered a plan to partition the territory into two separate states, Israel and Palestine, with each having joint custody over the holy city of Jerusalem. Both Israelis and Palestinians rejected this offer and, in that same year, Israel declared itself a sovereign state, much to the alarm of its Arab neighbors. Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon and Syria felt that this declaration of statehood threatened the Palestinian Arab population and they, in turn, collectively attacked the new nation in 1948.

Israel ultimately emerged from the War of 1948 victorious, having captured additional Arab land in their counteroffensive. The war displaced approximately half of the 1.3 million Palestinian Arabs who became refugees living in camps along the periphery of the newly formed Israeli state or in neighboring Arab nations. Jerusalem emerged a divided city, partitioned into an Israeli-governed western sector and a Jordanian-controlled eastern sector. The territorial issues that arose with the initial confrontation in 1948 have fueled tensions between Israel and its neighbors over the past half-century, spawning four additional wars (1956, 1967, 1973 and 1982) and instigating numerous other conflicts. The Israeli–Palestinian conflict has been, and continues to be, as much an issue of the relationship between Israel and its Arab neighbors as it is the relationship between the Israelis and Palestinians themselves. Each compounds the other; however, fighting in the occupied territories has escalated over the past few decades, ranging from skirmishes to full-fledged uprisings, known as intifadas. Peace negotiations and diplomatic efforts to establish some sort of territorial compromise have existed since the mid-'60s, but any lasting peace settlement has proven elusive.

Today, both sides engage in hostile propaganda, with preemptive and retaliatory raids very commonplace. Acts of Palestinian terrorism have become more prevalent, as have Israeli violations of international law. Since the beginning of the conflict, Israel has come to value security, and the Palestinians, their freedom from occupation. Such an arrangement breeds hostility and perpetuates the conflict. Israel has maintained a strong military and placed defense against external, as well as internal, attack as a foremost priority. The numerous wars between Israel and its Arab neighbors in the early years of the conflict, as well as the hostile Arab rhetoric calling for the elimination of the Jewish state, encouraged Israel to shore up its defenses and seek allies in the western world. Israel established and continues to build settlements in the occupied Palestinian territories, although their construction violates international law. Palestinians have become increasingly more militant in their protests, and the more radical factions have turned to terrorism to deliver their message. The mounting Palestinian frustration at the Israeli occupation has recently led to the democratic election of Hamas to power in 2006. They are a radical party calling for the elimination of Israel. Such a fundamental stance only enrages the international community and prevents any peace talks, let alone peace deals, from taking place. To protect against car bombs and other terrorist tactics, Israel began building a security wall in 2003 to separate Israeli land from occupied territory. This security measure has separated some Palestinians from their farms and further complicates an already tense situation of the Israeli patrolled security checkpoints. And so the conflict goes on. The acts of one side prompt retaliation by the other, and the seemingly never-ending cycle of violence and hostility continues.

It may seem like this article glosses over the details of the conflict or offers too many generalities and, in effect, it does. The fact of the matter remains that the intricacies, relationships and ideological perspectives that permeate the conflict are so varied and numerous that a much longer article could only reflect the tip of the proverbial iceberg of issues that characterize the struggle. Both sides are unequivocally at fault. Each justifies their violence as retaliation for previous offenses by the other. This tit-for-tat strategy only ensures that the conflict cannot draw to a close because each side demands the upper hand, the proverbial last word. In a situation where to compromise means to lose, who can ever win?

The one predictable thing about the Israeli–Palestinian conflict is its unpredictability. There is much to be said for this unpredictable nature. It oftentimes spells disaster, as demonstrated by the election of Hamas or the unexpected war between Hezbollah and Israel in Lebanon in 2006. On the other hand, a glimmer of hope can be found in this very same unpredictability. No one could have predicted the Truce and Reconciliation Commission established in South Africa in the wake of apartheid. Nor could anyone have foreseen the cessation of hostilities between Northern Ireland Catholics and Protestants. It is this unpredictability that ensures that peace is not a lost cause, even in the face of grim hopelessness. And it is for this very reason that we should not perpetuate the division between Israelis and Palestinians in our own hearts and minds. The future of any peace talks depends upon the ability of each side to divorce itself from the past and instead look toward the future. Each side must see the other as fully prepared to abandon their mutually hostile philosophies. Confidence building is just the first step of countless many toward reaching a lasting peace. Such a change in paradigm, however, does not evolve without help. We, too, must abandon our initial inclination to align with one position or the other so as to realign ourselves on the middle ground that is, undoubtedly, peace. Many might claim OneWorld's stance to be too utopian or unrealistic, but the fact remains that the future is at stake and, if there is one time we should strive to establish an ideal, it is for future generations. The obstacles to peace in the Israeli–Palestinian conflict are many, but the crucial ones must first be overcome within us.

All photos were provided by Laura Ribeiro from the "Right-2-Education" Campaign at Birzeit University in the West Bank, Palestine

A peace movement poster: Israeli and Palestinian flags and the words peace in Arabic and Hebrew. Similar images have been used by several groups proposing a two-state solution to the conflict.

In Her Shoes:

A Reflection on Palestinian-Israeli Reconciliation

by Aviva Joffe, Wash U

As war raged on the border between Israel and Lebanon last August, teenage women from Palestine, Israel and America dropped their own kinds of bombs in Colorado's Rocky Mountains. In place of Ketusha rockets or cluster bombs, words of anger, frustration, hate and fear were thrown as a result of growing up during the Intifada (Uprising) –a life of checkpoints, bomb shelters, military incursions, bus bombings and the loss of loved ones in the conflict between Palestinians and Israelis.

However, these young women were different from their friends back home as they took the initiative to sign up for *Building Bridges for Peace*, a summer program that promotes dialogue, understanding and empowerment. Despite the borders of nationality, ethnicity and religion, 52 young women had traveled to the U.S. to meet each other –an experience not readily available to them at home, even when they live just five kilometers apart. For two weeks in Steamboat Springs, these young women were finally in a safe place where they could express themselves freely. It was clear they wanted to voice the suffering that the other side had caused, pointing fingers and comparing pain. As a second-year staff member, I observed the bombs of ignorance and hatred drop from their tongues.

However, a hint of hope began to emerge amid the horrific stories. Facilitated by supportive and neutral staff, as well as by communication techniques that we had introduced to them, the girls not only started sharing, but also listening. Unfortunately, by the time the program was in full swing, the news from home had worsened, challenging the process further. The previous summer, the participants were more open-minded due to the decrease in tensions during Israeli disengagement from Gaza, a hopeful step toward peace. But this summer was different: After just one year, death and destruction had replaced the optimism.

To foster dialogue, we brought the young women to an open field with a pond and a large oak tree. We partnered each participant with one of another "home group" –someone of a different perspective - and asked the pairs to sit on the grass, facing each other with their knees touching. As the facilitator of this activity, I had to repeat instructions for five minutes to get the girls to sit knee to knee– their bodies clearly rejecting the idea of physical closeness. When they finally complied, I explained that I would read a statement and each partner would have a minute to respond. However, instead of sharing her own feelings about the given sentence, each girl was to share what she thought her partner would feel.

Looking out at rolling eyes and slouched shoulders, I reminded the girls about the proper position for this workshop, and asked them to attempt to open their minds as I read the first statement: "How do you feel when you hear that a bus has been blown up?" With sullen faces and droopy eyes, most of the girls had trouble speaking. They picked at the grass and avoided eye contact, clearly feeling uncomfortable. After they switched turns speaking, I read the second question: "How do you feel when you cross a checkpoint?" Again, arched backs communicated that the questions demanded a significant reach from their comfort zones. The next question, "How do you feel when you find out that someone you know has been killed in the war between Israel and Hezbollah?" was received with quiet voices and defensive body language. Nonetheless, the girls were talking.

As the activity concluded, I had trouble gauging its impact. I asked the young women to write down what they felt they would take away from this workshop and to place these anonymous notes in a paper bag. Hours later, as I sat with fellow staff members reading the notes and copying the responses onto large sheets of butcher paper to later share with participants, I was moved by the emotional responses. One girl wrote, "I have discovered that I can feel empathy, and gained new and deeper understanding of my partner. I was also surprised at how understanding and non-judgmental my partner was towards my feelings." Another said, "I think that I got more hopeful, because I felt I've been heard, I felt she understands me and maybe she felt my pain." And yet another, "I gained the ability to understand things I don't agree with. I gained what I came here to gain." Their words spoke of heartfelt understanding; they felt that their goals for the summer were now achieved, and they felt compassion. Not only had they listened, but had empathized with their partner so much so that they now understood the feelings of "the other." The girls' ignorance shifted toward trust, and the Borders that had divided them had become Bridges that connected them –all thanks to an afternoon exercise we named "In Her Shoes."

Despite the devastating news from the Middle East that I continue to read daily, I have hope. Perhaps my hope lies not in the political systems of leaders who repeatedly fail to end the violence, but rather in any individual who is willing to work toward change –the brave soul who is willing to travel the distance, question the status-quo, take risks, stretch the mind and embrace discomfort. To me, those efforts can secure a safe and peaceful future in a way no war ever will.

Aviva Joffe is a Junior at Washington University majoring in Anthropology. She is the Co-President of the SU group SPPIF (Students for a Peaceful Palestinian Israeli Future). This piece reflects her experiences working at the summer intensive "Building Bridges for Peace," run by the Denver-based non-profit 'Seeking Common Ground' (http://www.s-c-g.org). You can contact her at avivajoffe@gmail.com.

photos by Aviva Joffe

> "I think that I got more hopeful, because I felt I've been heard, I felt she understands me and maybe she felt my pain."
>
> Building Bridges for Peace participant

ONEWORLD EVENTS

OneWorld at SLU teamed up with Disability Awareness Week in January to bring Max Starkloff, founder of Paraquad and the Starkloff Disabilities Institute, to SLU. Unfortunately, he could not make the event due to illness, but his wife, Colleen Starkloff, spoke on his behalf and dazzled her listeners with her account of her and her husband's efforts in disability rights. Teddie Bullock, who wrote an article on Max Starkloff for OneWorld last semester, described the disability issue and its relation to SLU students:

"What I don't think that most of you guys get, however, is that its YOUR issue."

"And if disability somehow does not touch you professionally, I can almost guarantee you that it will personally, whether it be you or a loved one. The average American spends eight years of his or her life living with a disability."

"This is your issue."

"People with disabilities comprise the world's largest minority group. I guarantee you that you will come into contact with disability in your life."

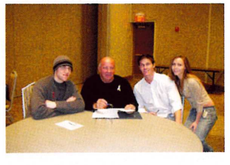
"This is your issue."

"It doesn't matter what area you are studying: business, law, allied health,- you want to be a doctor, a writer, a teacher, I guarantee you that you will deal with disability professionally– whether or not you actually specialize in disability."

"This is your issue."

"You can take any other social justice issue, such as AIDS in Africa, women's rights, poverty and hunger, and add a disability to the equation and make that person just that much more disadvantaged."

"This is your issue."



photos by Rob Curtin

Perspectives

This semester, OneWorld hosted a series of dialogues that examined international and domestic social justice issues from multiple perspectives. Topics included Darfur, the U.S.'s position in the world, the economy and homelessness. Students not only got a chance to hear about issues from different perspectives, they also were able to join in an active discussion about what they can do.

To learn more about "Perspectives," contact Amanda Ring-Rissler at ringrissler@hotmail.com

Crossworld Answers **Across** 2. Culture 5. Belgium 9. Akon 10. struggles 12. Hazara 13. Kopp 14. NOLA (New Orleans, LA) 15. cassava 17. solidarity 18. Pujols **Down** 1. Quinceañera 3. religion 4. genocide 6. intifada 7. Hosseini 8. Poland 11. Habari 16. SLU (Saint Louis University)

photos by Annah Frances Emuge

Moving Mountains

Ugandan Refugee Builds Hope in Home Country

By Dong Nghi Huynh

When Annah Frances Emuge arrived in the United States in 1984, she made a solemn vow to return to her country one day and help the children of Uganda. However, 20 years later, Emuge saw first-hand that the conditions of the Uganda she had left behind did not compare to the harsh realities facing her nation today.

In 1983, Emuge lived in America with her husband, whose government-sponsored scholarship enabled the two to study in the United States. However, when that Ugandan government revoked the scholarship two years later in 1986—due to the expulsion of President Obote by a military coup and, thus, the reform of the national government—Emuge and her husband "were suddenly demoted to refugee status."

This was not the least of the bad news. Shortly thereafter, Emuge's husband abandoned the family, leaving Emuge to shuffle three jobs and take care of her four children.

"In order to make ends meet, my promise to God that I would do something to help the poor children in my village back home gradually faded into the background," said Emuge.

When Emuge recognized her promise to save the Ugandan children once again, she set out to visit her country and its people. In 2004, Emuge went back to the village of her youth, Teso, only to discover the conditions under which her village lived.

Many in the village of Teso, Uganda, East Africa survived on less than 50 cents a day. Most of the children, she learned, were orphaned because of AIDS, and many more battled the disease themselves.

According to the 2006 Human Development Report, 40 percent of Ugandans do not have access of an improved water source, and 23 percent of Ugandan children were underweight.

Because the Ugandan government does not pay for a child's education after seventh grade and also because an education costs far more than any family can handle, many of the children do not go to school.

SIL International, an organization dedicated to improving literacy rates in Third World countries, created a table listing the child literacy rates and spending per child on education. Uganda

ranked as near the bottom of the list, with a 48.3 percent child literacy rate and $25 spending per child.

To make the conditions worse, a 20-year-long war has raged throughout much of Uganda. In the process, villages are raided while men, women and children are brutalized, raped, killed or forced to enlist into the war effort everyday.

The Ugandan war, poverty and an AIDS-stricken population have made even more orphans of the children. Without the care of a family, these children are thus unable to attain an education or maintain a stable, safe life. Many of these children, without the protection of any parental figure, are susceptible to becoming children soldiers, facing the worst of Uganda's battle fields.

A small village called Teso, just two hours away from one of the most grueling battle fields, exemplifies the crisis at hand for Ugandan youths. The children of Teso lack the resources to acquire a proper education, to maintain a healthy daily diet and to grow in safety.

"When I was back [in Ugandal, I walked along the road from my old home to the school, and I looked left and right at all the people in the town," said Emuge. "I could see their deaths as I stared at them; I could predict how they would die."

In response to the problems that she saw in Uganda and in consideration of her promise years ago, Annah Emuge established the Atai Orphanage Fund to help raise money to build an orphanage for the children of Teso.

Until now, the Atai Orphanage Fund has successfully provided 30 kids with "the basic support necessary to sustain strong bodies and healthy minds—food, clothing, shelter, medical care and school supplies."

Through the donations of friends and her own paycheck, the Atai Orphanage Fund has managed to grow in the past two years. However, Emuge has greater goals. She wants to buy land to build a village for the orphans. Emuge plans to create several small homes, a school, a community for the children of Teso as well as provide help to children from other villages.

With her goals in mind, Emuge admits she needs more help. "Sometimes, before I go to bed, I can feel the wetness on my face, and I pray to God that he would help me find a mountain mover," said Emuge.

Whether Emuge finds that mountain mover or not is a question for the future, but as of now, the Atai Orphanage Fund has created hope for the children of a nation to whom all hope seemed lost. That aspect in itself is a mountain already moved.

For more information, go to
www.ataiorphanage.org or email ataiorphanage@yahoo.com
Dong Nghi Hnynh is a student at Mehlville High School and is enrolled in 1818 courses at SLU.

"In so far as I am the emperor, my country is Rome. But so far as I am a man, it is the world."-Marcus Aurelius

Culture 101

The Maori are an indigenous people from New Zealand and are a key component of the unique Polynesian culture. The word maori literally means "ordinary" or "normal" and refers to the mortal status of humans in comparison with the gods. The Maori comprise approximately ten percent of the New Zealand population and speak Maoritanga. Since their migration from Polynesia in canoes approximately 1,200 years ago they have effectively retained their distinctive culture.

The Maori oral tradition encouraged the telling of legends through the use of waiata, or song. Another prominent tradition includes the war dance, or haka. Their daily greeting is the pressing together of noses. Maori are well known for their permanent body and face marking, or ta moko. The skin is carved with chisels that leave grooves, in contrast to tattoos where the skin is left smooth. Ta moko originally afforded one a higher status symbol in Maori society. It is also a way to make one look more attractive to the opposite sex. Maori men receive moko on their faces and legs whereas women generally wear it on their chins and lips.

The Maori invented poi, which literally means "ball on a cord," and is an art form where ropes are swung in various circular patterns. It was designed to increase flexibility, strength and coordination. This was helpful for weaving by women and as a training tool for men preparing for battle. The balls are oftentimes lit on fire and the ceremony performed at night to create an impressive display of fire poi.

This carved poupou (house post) shows the legendary Maori navigator Kupi battling two sea creatures.

Campus Connections

The Campus Kitchens Project was developed in 2001 as a national outgrowth of DC Central Kitchen. It is a student-led hunger program that empowers students to recycle unserved food from college campus cafeterias and turn these donations into nourishing meals for those most in need in the community. Students plan menus, organize drivers, run cooking shifts, organize fundraisers and more. The first Campus Kitchens Project started at Saint Louis University in Missouri and today ten schools across the nation have Campus Kitchens that making a huge impact in their local communities. They include Northwestern University, Marquette University, Augsburg College, Gonzaga University, Gonzaga College High School, Minnesota State University, University of Nebraska at Kearney, Washington and Lee University, and Wake Forest University

Visit http://www.campuskitchens.org to start up a Campus Kitchens Project on your campus!

ONE

Photos by Isabelle Cross

by Isabelle Cross, SLU

The camp was ugly: ugly in its desolation and its hopelessness, ugly because it was wrapped in a frigid wind that was ravaging the scraps of clothing, clinging to the masses of emaciated people around me. Their bodies were simply statues and shells now—hunched backs and protruding bones engraved with starvation and abuse. The masses were mere shadows of what used to be dignified women and chubby, cheerful children. I stood at a distance, well-fed and well-clothed. I was easily distinguished from the masses, trying to shut out the terrified screams and sobs erupting all around me. The ground was cracked and covered in dried blood matted with warm tears and warm bodies turning cold. The wind whipped all around, billowing and howling and swirling thick smoke and ashes. Those dead ashes, lifeless and defeated remnants of humanity, fluttered to the ground, coating the naked trees, the world and my vision. I despised that hate-filled sky. It was empty and heartless and grey and full of dead ashes and pungent smoke. My eyes lowered and fell upon a boy standing tall in his three-and-a-half-foot frame. His empty little stomach was quivering, and big, powerful shakes were shaking his little legs. His little face and little mouth were streaked with big clumps of dirt and wet tears, and his little chest was heaving and exploding with fear and grief. He was too small. He was easily forgotten and abandoned, a casualty in the crowd.

For some reason, I no longer had the capacity to speak or act: I was frozen and silent, able to feel, yet unable to move. My eyes skimmed the herded people and caught sight of some of my best friends and relatives. Their faces spurred waves of our shared memories. Colorful images flashed through my mind ... images of wet winter days spent romping through the snow, long summer nights painted with conversation and fireflies, and fresh mornings spent waking up to hungry faces munching on cereal at the breakfast table. I looked and looked at those skeletons of my friends and family. Their bony, grey hands were the same that had held mine so many times and that I had lovingly and enthusiastically grasped in return. The memories evaporated with the black smoke in the ugly sky as I stared at their hallowed, taut faces. The expression in their eyes that I used to see had disappeared. They were missing the sparkle of their laughter, the shine of joy and the cloud of their anger. They were missing the glow and presence of their own selves. There was nothing here. All that existed was the burning in the nearby chimneys and the ugly, fiery sparks shooting into the grisly sky.

I looked past it all and my dry eyes fell upon my own mother. Her petite frame, swallowed up in the folds of her favorite sweatshirt, shook uncontrollably amid the extreme cold. I recognized the sweatshirt all too well: It was the one that she always wore while heating her bedtime cup of milk (she swears it induces sweet dreams), goofing around with the dog and giving me a big hug goodnight. She stood before me, her lowered face still full of its freckles and laugh lines and worry wrinkles and experiences. She stood humble and beautiful in her rags. She looked anguished by the suffering of those around her and yet unconcerned with her own. The chaos swelled as the soldiers, brute and ugly, stormed into sight and ...

I shot up, narrowly missing the ceiling above the top bunk of the bed in which I slept. The train was creaking as it rumbled and rolled over the tracks and I rubbed my eyes, heart pounding against my chest, my T-shirt drenched in cold sweat. I was hot and tired and chilly and wondered where on earth I was. I regained my bearings in spite of my pounding headache, and my surroundings became clear. I had been asleep and dreaming about what I had seen that previous day. I had been dreaming in a bed in an overnight train that was rumbling over the tracks as it was leaving Poland and transporting me back to Madrid. I weakly lowered myself from the bunk beds and stood in the hallway of the train as I opened a window and let the cool air soothe my burning face. Dawn was approaching, and the countryside was calm and sleepy. I could see that the cows, the goats and the sun were just starting to wake up. In spite of my nausea and intense fever, in that moment I was filled with relief and gratitude when I realized that my visit to that horrid place had been just a dream and that, in reality, my loved ones were fine, as was the sky and I. The sun was rising and streaking the earth with gold and pink and purple.

It was the spring semester of my sophomore year and I was in the middle of my studies abroad at Saint Louis University's campus in Spain. I had managed thus far to simultaneously fall head over heels in love with Madrid, my host family and the world in just a few short months. I loved my classes, the city, the people and the bright possibilities of every single day. Things were beautiful until my friends and I decided to take our travels to Berlin during Easter break. My roommate Candice and I had then decided to break away from the group for the last two days because we wanted to finally see what we had studied and wondered about for years.

We took trains down to the former Nazi concentration camps of Auschwitz and Birkenau, and we walked like zombies through the ugly, intact remains of the camps. We walked amid the empty cells and silent gas chambers and old barracks and decaying "toilets" and "beds" and rows of quiet buildings. Pictures of former prisoners hung on the walls like gravestones. Their faces peered out from the walls, full of eyes and noses and mouths that could not smile, frown, kiss or speak. There were lots of captions by the cells and they contained final dates that all ended with periods because the events had already transpired and the people on the walls were

murdered. It was all over and they were quiet; the camp was quiet and the world was hushed and quiet, too.

Candice and I spent the day wandering through the camp grounds until we fell upon a room that contained a display case of thousands of empty shoes. I stopped and stood still, separated by the glass walls of the encasement, looking at those forgotten hills of shoes. I was on the other side of where they lay, and I was numb and detached and ugly wearing my comfy New Balance tennis shoes that I bought in the United States. The sheer volume of the dead shoes shocked me.

For some reason, I started to think about my Papi. My Papi was a French soldier, a man who had somehow survived World War II after being held prisoner in a German work camp for five years. He was a statistic who survived to never speak of the war again and went on to marry the beautiful girl from his small hometown in France, who he loved. My Papi and Mamie would later have babies, and one of those babies would be a spunky little girl who would grow up in France and attend graduate school in the United States and would fall in love with a cute American and would marry him despite the language/culture/geographical barrier (I guess because hearts are hearts regardless of all of that). Maman and Dad would raise two girls and one of them would be me ... the isolated one standing as far as she could from the heaps of far-away shoes, trying to remain disconnected.

I was filled with Papi's image, and I sat in the camp looking at those shoes and thought about how connected the world is. In that moment, I saw them up close. I saw the people whose pasts and presents were stopped in their tracks, whose futures and future families became smoky ashes vanishing in the wind. I saw those unidentified shoes of those masses of people whose names had been replaced by the numbers assigned to them by the Nazis at the concentration camps. Those shoes had been worn thin by those people's lives and experiences, and some pairs still even retained the uniquely curved shape of their owners' feet.

Back on the train, I stood by the window the rest of the way. The train took me back to Madrid, but I couldn't seem to leave Poland behind. Suddenly, I thought back to the shoes despite my 104 degree fever, my red cheeks and my fuzzy hair. Suddenly, I am sitting with my concerned host mom at the doctor's office. I don't like to visit doctors' offices. However, the doctor is very professional and says that she has seen hundreds of cases like mine. She is feeling my abdomen where my organs are and she is diagnosing me and listening to my lungs. Suddenly, I'm just skin, organs, muscles and bones, and I'm a "textbook" example of a person who caught a nasty virus and flu while traveling. The doctor could not care less about my nationality, ethnicity, religion and skin color, because they are irrelevant. I'm just a regular old human patient, and all human beings are vulnerable to the same illnesses and are made of the same stuff, regardless of how they appear. I am comforted in that fact.

My Spanish parents take me home from the ER and we spend the evening together on the couches in the living room. Soon enough, my host parents are curled up in each others' arms, and their little son Santiago is snuggled in his pajamas and asleep at their feet. My host sister, Isabel, is out with friends and is dancing the night away while I, the other Isabelle, am sitting woozy on the couch in the company of my imported fever and the snoring family dog, named Lula. I glance down at the dog peacefully sleeping in my lap and I feel inferior to her. She is a colorblind animal that doesn't care about my shape or color—or anyone else's. She doesn't care if I am Christian and French and American and confused. Lula the dog simply sees that I am a person who kind of resembles the rest of the family of people who live with her. I guess, then, that maybe the primary difference between dogs and humans is the ability to reason. We have the capacity to use our minds to think, analyze, feel and sometimes accidentally ignore the black and white seen by Lula the dog. Instead of seeing our shared humanity and celebrating our diversity, we sometimes use our minds to imagine vital differences and to discriminate between ourselves and others. Maybe, just maybe, if God had intended for some of His humans to be inferior, He would have indicated this by forming them without names and stomachs and hearts and minds and tear ducts.

So, what is the answer? Reality states that, yes, those concentration camps were a part of an ugly history that cannot ever be rewound. But, the reality of the situation is, that particular part of history is not finished. That past demands recognition because that past is repeating itself in various forms and countries all around the world today. As our technological levels boomed during the 20th century, 700-800 million people died at the hands of genocide and war.

Mass murders, starvation, torture, abuse and crippling neglect still occur, and they confront us with options. We can opt to stand behind the glass—numb, detached and shocked by the statistics. On the other hand, perhaps we can choose to stand with the statistics—human beings like us who exist on the other side of the glass. Perhaps we can use our voices for the voiceless and change the way that we focus, perceive and spend our lives.

I spent the rest of that night in Madrid by myself on the couch after Lula and the family retired to bed. I sat up most of the night—a barefoot human being alone on a couch. I wasn't truly alone, though. I, like everyone else, was somebody to the people in my life and somebody very special to God. And so, on that couch, I thought some more about the shoes and the nightmare that I had on the train. Suddenly, fresh, warm tears were splashing against my cheeks. The tears flooded my eyes and blurred my vision as I opened my eyes and truly saw for the first time.

After a few more days, I got over my virus and regained my strength. I spent my last weekend in Spain at the beach, splashing around in the ocean and enjoying the sun with my friends. I then boarded the plane and began to leave my second family in Spain, my real family in France and my brothers and sisters in Poland. I left pieces of myself and carried pieces of them as I returned to my roots in Kentucky. My friends and my Maman and my Dad and my sister and our family dog named Lucky were waiting. I understood that I was a part of all of these different beings and that they were all parts of me. I saw that geography and nationalities and cultures and languages offer amazing differences and interesting perspectives of life. However, I wasn't so confused anymore, because all of it was bound together with a common thread. I guess I finally understood that we are multicolored parts of the same fabric, anyway.

I sat on that plane; I was leaving Spain virus-free and finally healthy and strong enough to eat, walk and just live life. I guess the most important thing, though, was that I was returning to the United States ready and strong enough to stand.

As the plane lifted higher and higher in the sky, the world outside grew awfully small and I could see much more clearly. Below my window, there were big fields and big bodies of water that were inextricably joined with the little buildings and little cars and little houses; they were all jagged and colorfully woven together and, somehow, they all fit perfectly into one.

IMAGES FROM PALESTINE

Photos and captions compiled by Brendan Kottenstette, SLU

For more information, contact Brendan Kottenstette, SLU Solidarity with Palestine, SLUPalSolid@gmail.com

All photos were provided by Laura Ribeiro from the "Right-2-Education" Campaign at Birzeit University in the West Bank, Palestine

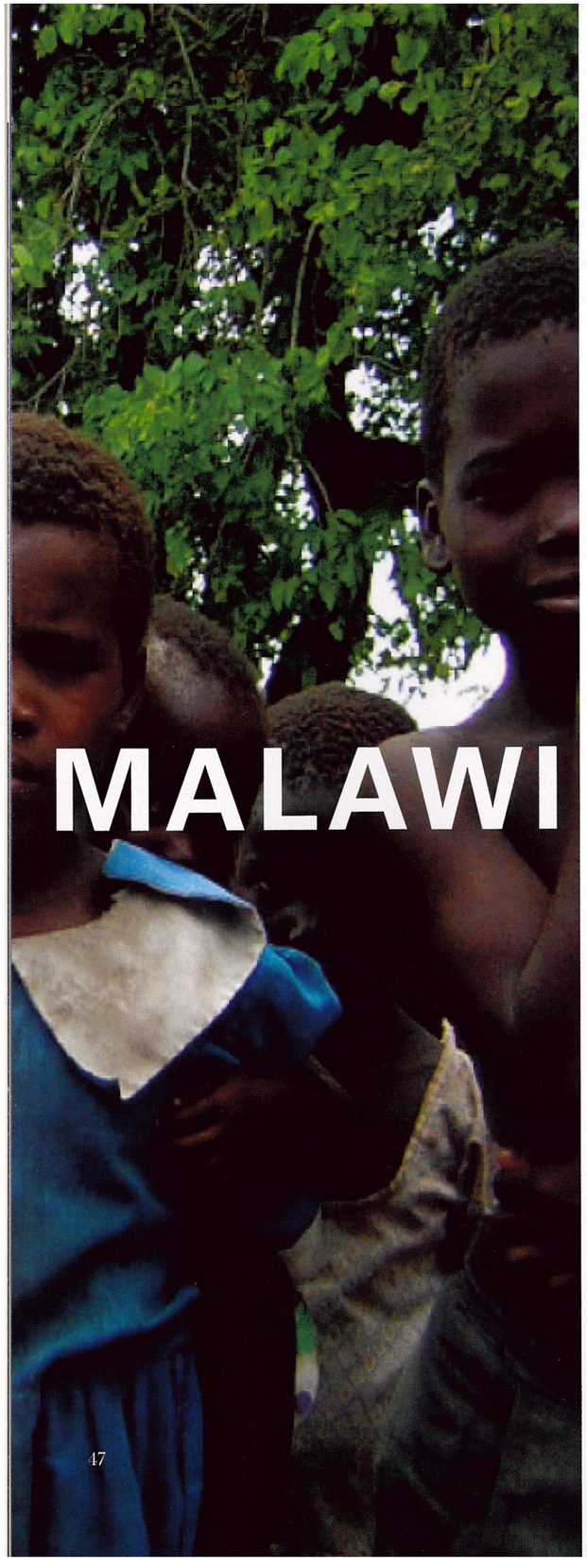
Walls separate, but in severing this human connection, the hearts of those on both sides turn as hard and cold as the concrete that divides them.

The wall has completely cut some off from their school. For others, the many hours at the 316 checkpoints in the West Bank has become an obstacle that they cannot overcome. Some even lose entire semesters because of absences due to checkpoint closures.

On their side of this wall, as their entire lives are controlled by martial law, all the Palestinians see of Israel are the soldiers, tanks and guns... all the Israelis see are terrorists.

For some, the only escape is art, as they turn the wall image of their oppression into a symbol of their hope for peace.

Graduation for the students of Birzeit University in the West Bank is not only a personal accomplishment against incredible obstacles, it is a solemn victory for all Palestinians who have been denied this right.



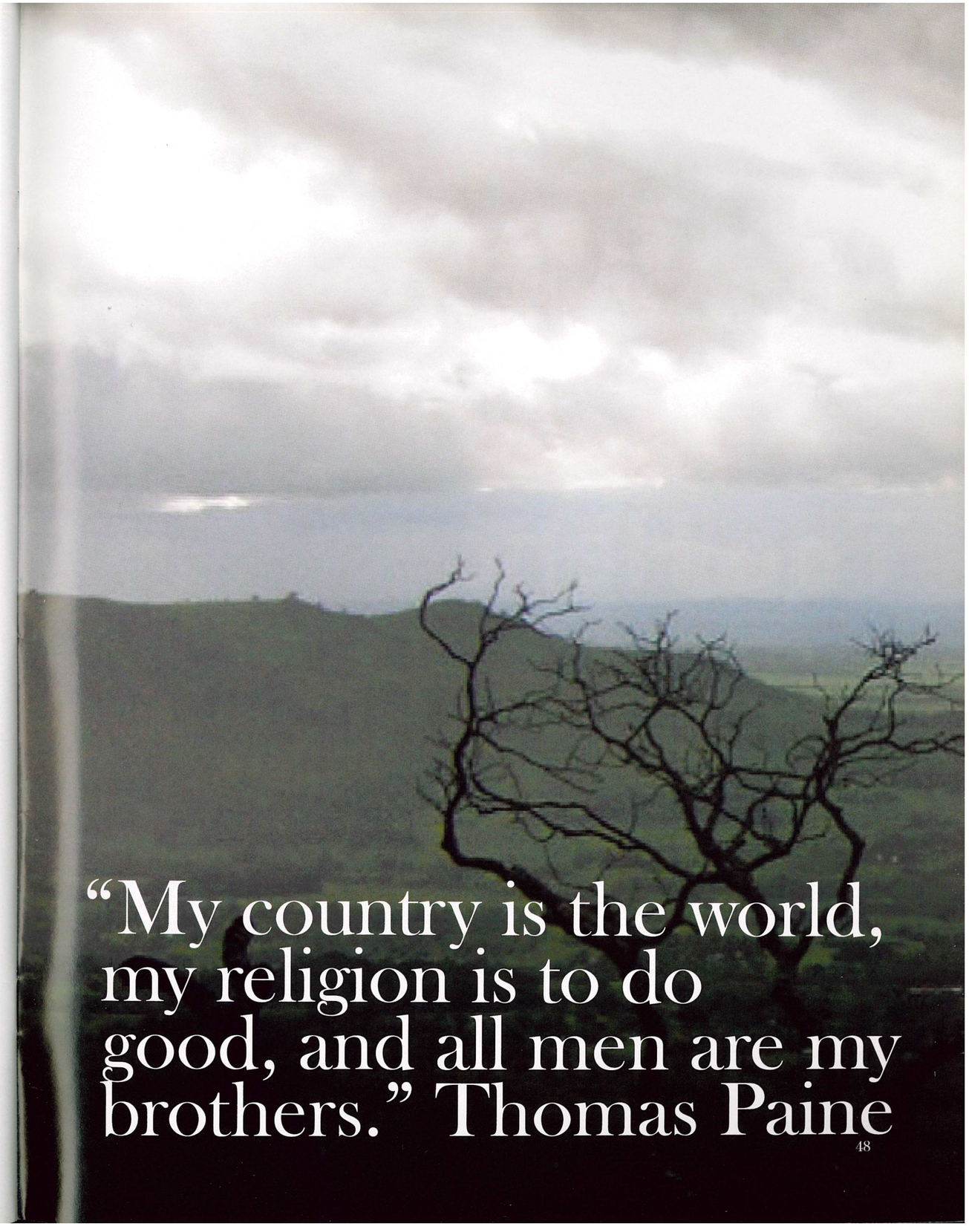
by Greg Stock, SLU

We are not that different. I whispered those words to a 5-year old boy in a village in Malawi, East Africa. I said those simple words to the malnourished Allam because I had finally seen the human connection with my own eyes. It had become tangible to me. His tiny hand holding mine had finally shown me something that I had been yearning to realize. I had been longing to feel this oneness. It was the last day of a two-week service trip that I went on over winter break. I went to learn, serve and love. And we were loved back. But, the question that still continues to arise in my mind is: Did we do them justice?

I think we all desire to not judge each other on race or culture, but it seems as if doing so is human nature. Yet, when Allam's hand was grasping mine, I realized something that I never had before. I did not see the color of his hand. I only saw his hand and my hand joined as one. This, to me, is what being one world means. It is a deep and complex understanding that looks past all color, sex, nationality or circumstance. I always said that I understood this oneness, but it was this experience with Allam, halfway across the world in a small village in southern Malawi, that finally showed me my own humanness. This experience is profound in its simplicity.

I saw solutions to Allam and his village's extreme poverty and hunger. Sixty percent of his country, still owned by the United Kingdom royal family, includes Prince Charles tea plantations overrunning the farmers' corn fields, which leaves only 40 percent of their land for farming. This is a selfish abuse of capitalism. We are probably drinking the tea that is farmed in Malawi, but we don't even know if it is from this place because it is packaged in England. None of the money from these plantations goes toward the Malawi economy, because the people of Malawi do not own the land. These are some of the consequences of colonization and globalization.

This is an extreme example of how choices made by individuals can affect millions. We try to make these issues complicated so that the less educated feel isolated or feel as if they cannot do their part in this game of life. Yet, each person plays a crucial role in this global community. Everyone has a place in the mission to restore peace and equality if we so choose. From Allam in the village of Bakasala, to myself in St. Louis, we have a choice to be a part of the global community. The choices we make as individuals affect each person outside of ourselves. Whether or not you can afford to serve others halfway across the world, which is an incredible gift in itself, you do have the power to serve on your own campus today. Justice can be done in your relationships, your friendships, your dorm or your family. I know Malawi seems exotic, but I hope you don't need a trip halfway across the world to recognize the opportunity to do justice in your own community. What I saw there was completely ordinary; it was my own humanness. We really are not that different.



The Hand of God

I wouldn't consider myself to be an individual who is typically involved with social justice, and I'm not involved with any faith-based groups. In fact, I am religiously confused and find myself too busy to attend church or social justice meetings. And while I don't fit into the stereotypical mold of a social justice advocate, my conscience reminds me that I'm human too but I can't help but share the same goals and aspirations to eliminate poverty, hunger and intolerance.

By David Michael Kenney, SLU

I spent spring break '07 in La Trinidad, Nicaragua, with eight of my fraternity brothers. We didn't know what to expect as an independent group in a vocation so heavily influenced by religious and large social justice groups, but we set out to make a difference nonetheless. As a member of Delta Sigma Phi national fraternity, and a member of the Phi chapter located at Saint Louis University, it is obligatory to partake in some philanthropic event. But this gives the wrong impression of the Greek community as a whole. We don't go on a service trip every year simply because we have to do it. Rather, we do it because we want to have a positive impact on our community. We're not your typical service group and most of our individuals are not involved with faith-based groups on campus, but as a fraternity we believe in social justice, which has proved to be more than enough.

This past fall, we became motivated to expand our service trip to an international level, but we had no real plan of how we were going to do it or what we would even be able to do. At that time, I don't think that any of us truly realized what we were going to accomplish and what we would receive as a result of our hard work. With an idea and motivation, we started to plan our trip. One of our members has a personal contact at the Christian Medical and Dental Association. Our contact and friend, Ricardo Castro, was able to set us up with a specialized service trip as more of a personal favor than anything else. Ricardo put us in contact with a school that was isolated in the mountains of Nicaragua and had little access to the basic school supplies and proper funding. With our destination known we were one step closer to making a difference not just at the school and in La Trinidad, but in our own lives as well.

Our first day, we toured much of Nicaragua as well as the area around La Trinidad. We learned that nearly 70 percent of the country lives in poverty and 27 percent lives in extreme poverty. As we quickly realized how poverty-stricken Nicaragua is, we saw barely clothed children on the side of the road with their hands out to our van as we drove through the countryside. From that moment on, our eyes were opened as we saw some of the poorest in Nicaraguans leave as is living along the side of the road and in barely roofed shacks. This was the first time as a group we actually realized how much of a difference we could potentially make in a country that can use so much help.

On a bright and sunny Monday morning, we walked to the school, where we would spend the next four days. We met with the director of the public grade school in La Trinidad, who informed us that the children of this school were the poorest children in an already poor city. As we were given a tour of the school, we walked around with apprehension as we witnessed children sharing school supplies in run-down classrooms. This initial shock served as my motivation and inspiration

for the week. I think we all told ourselves at that moment that we needed to walk away from La Trinidad doing everything we could.

So, we embarked upon our ambitious goal of painting four of the small buildings and 20 of the classrooms inside those four buildings. As soon as we started painting, the children and teachers surrounded us with an excitement that fueled us throughout our 10-hour days. The children proved to be the most inspiring aspect of the trip, as they played without a care in the world and with complete ignorance of any other way of life. We brought the kids baseball gloves, soccer balls and school supplies. We were also able to paint their buildings, classrooms and facilities. But, above all, we left them with the knowledge that other people in the world care for them and their country.

The excitement of the children and the thanks from the people gave us more than we ever thought we would get out of our trip. The thanks were always accompanied by religious comments that we respected and appreciated, but I'm not sure that we completely understood. We were called the hand of God, they thanked him and Jesus regularly for sending us; but, to be completely honest it, made some of us feel awkward. I find it pretty difficult to see myself as the hand of God for many reasons, but primarily because in my mind we just painted a school and gave a few kids things we all take for granted.

The strong presence of religion in such a poor country made us do a little soul-searching and wonder if we really were doing God's work. My soul-searching just lead me to think back on my days in philosophy class analyzing the Marxian view of religion as "the opium of the people." Even though our faith lives may not have been changed, we all experienced something more incredible than words can describe. We strove for social justice, made a difference and also realized that true social justice comes from the fact that "freedom, morality and the human dignity of the individual consists precisely in this; that he does good not because he is forced to do so, but because he freely conceives it, wants it and loves it."

I hope that my account of this trip can give inspiration to those who aren't involved in the pursuit of social justice and let them know that we all can make a difference. In my opinion, making a difference isn't as hard as one would think, and living up to the Jesuit mission statement is achieved through action above all. In one small way or another, the nine of us took another step to "alleviate ignorance, poverty, injustice and hunger, to extend compassionate care to the ill and needy and to maintain and improve the quality of life for all persons."

Wacky Fundraising Schemes

Looking to fundraise for a specific cause? These people have gone above and beyond what might be considered the normal call of duty to fundraise with their wacky ideas.

1 **Imagine jumping out of a helicopter to snowboard down a mountain when you don't know how to snowboard very well. Now imagine doing just that and being nearly blind! In April 2007, Adil Latif will complete this wacky feat to raise money for children affected by the devastating Asian earthquake of 2005.**

2 **Running a half marathon is an admirable way to raise money. But running 24 half marathons in 24 days? Definitely wacky! Findlay Young, a cancer survivor himself, raised £32,000 for Cancer Research UK by finishing this grueling series of marathons around the globe in October, 2006.**

3 **Olympic Gold medallist James Cracknell and TV reporter Ben Fogle rowed nearly 3,000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean from the Canary Islands to Antigua, a two month long trip they completed in January, 2006. They slept only three hours at a time, ate only what they carried with them on the boat, and weathered sunstroke. The wacky part is that they rowed naked! They raised more than £13,000 for the organization Children in Need.**

4 **Well, that's one way to go about it. Tania Amazon and Laura Hawkins are known as the "Booby Sisters" and in November, 2005 they raised about £5,500 for Cancer Research UK by walking from the London Eye to Parliament Square all the while bouncing their breasts.**

5 **In 2006, Dave Spence and Heather Bowen raised money for Henshaws Society for Blind People by scuba diving in a giant tank with ten-foot long sand tiger sharks. Incredibly enough there wasn't a cage to protect them!**

Interested in other crazy fundraising ideas? Or want to start your own fundraising project? Visit www.justgiving.com and check it out!

Our Diverse Humanity

By Maxim Schillebeekx, SLU

Diversity has always been an essential part of my life. I have come to wholeheartedly believe in the importance of developing, growing and maturing autonomously through experiencing diverse cultures, institutions and households. Growing up, I was never surrounded by people of the same faith, race or background. I feel that I have been raised by an international community that has allowed me to appreciate and recognize the positive and negative aspects of the many different cultures around the world.

I was conceived in Argentina, born in Belgium, raised in Curaçao and brought up in the United States. I was first exposed to diversity on the tropical island of Curaçao. As a child growing up on the culturally rich Caribbean island, I never came to know the prejudices or stereotypes of race. I only had familial relationships with neighbors and friends of mulatto heritages and was always integrated among the society. My brothers and I were partially raised by the loving and nurturing mulatto neighbors and friends, never aware of real differences between my family and those around us. Those first childhood experiences were of an equal, unified community of diverse people who shaped how I would view the world for the rest of my life.

Though I have lived in several countries, my life has always been centralized around the two completely discrete cultures of Belgium: the Northern Flemish-speaking culture and the Southern French-speaking culture. My father being from the North and my mother from the South did not prevent both languages from being spoken in our household. Growing up, visiting relatives was more than a vacation abroad; it was a mental exercise of observation, learning and understanding the differences in language, affection and mannerism. Early on, I began to compare Flemish, French and American ideals, values and social acceptances, puzzled by my role within each. As an adolescent, I was forced to deliberate over these issues even more.

I joined the Belgian Scouts at the age of 16, immediately immersed by a world outside my family. I learned to become independent and responsible for myself on my solo trans-atlantic voyages. Now, Belgium was no longer a distant place where relatives lived, but it became part of my identity, a place where I made life-long friends with whom I could share stories about America and its unique culture. I vividly remember one of the first questions posed to me and how I hesitated to answer. It was simple: "What is the major difference between Americans and Europeans?" I thought growing up in an American society while being raised in a European household would have aided me in forming a response, but the answer was not explicit. Questions like this engendered me to wonder how each culture was forming me. I slowly became aware of the subtleties within each culture: the openness and outgoingness of Americans and the dignity and pride of Europeans. I came to respect and love the uniqueness of each culture and became more and more intrigued by the world's diversity. The Belgian Scouts further exposed me to the world through humanitarian travels to France and Bosnia i Herzegovina. The month-long excursion in the war-torn country of Bosnia i Herzegovina brought me face to face with the real harm of what diversity, specifically religious diversity, can do. This has shown me the respect and care we must take toward peoples of different faiths, that we must learn and become understanding of those who may not have the same perspectives as we.

Since the Belgian Scouts, I have become friends with Mexicans, French, Spaniards, Germans and Moroccans (among others), who have all welcomed me as an extended family member. I studied abroad for a semester in Spain and fell in love with the hospitality and conviviality of the Spanish. Each individual experience, whether it was spending a week in Mexico, a month in Belgium or a semester in Spain, turned into a cognitive retreat, a self-reflective exercise in forming my identity, and determining who I was and who I wanted to become. In forming who I am, I have taken ideals and values from each culture: the strength and closeness of the Central American families, the poise of the French-speaking Europeans, the friendliness and nonjudgmental demeanor of the Americans and the warmth and amiability of the Spaniards.

Experiencing so many ephemeral homes has forced me to mature quickly and at an early age. It has shown me the innate humanity that we all share and must not forget. The world is rich with people, all of whom are unique and contribute to our humanity. We must not forget that before being a citizen of our country, we are citizens of the world. No matter what the circumstance, behind every face there lies an individual who wants to be loved and accepted. This is the common trait of humanity. We can learn so much from the ideals and values of others who do not share our perspectives. Meeting fellow global citizens has left me with a hunger for knowledge, for more answers. It has instilled in me a desire to simply learn more, creating a perception of the world as being full of amazing, unique experiences that can benefit us all. This cultural upbringing, which is part of my very identity, has instilled in me a desire to learn something of everything and everything of something, an idea we should all mull over. So, the next time you have a chance to travel, study abroad or simply speak with someone who may not have grown up in the same city, state, or even country as yourself, seize the opportunity to learn and share in our humanity.

Photo by Constantine Schillebeekx

"Whatsoever you find to be conducive to the good, the benefit, the welfare of all beings, that doctrine believe." -Buddha

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

by Mike Reddy, SLU

Tamyah is a rambunctious 5-year-old with an inquisitive, albeit sometimes naughty, grin. Her ever-present braids bounce as she walks with the gait of an attitude-stricken teenager. Her dark eyes glimmer, but they are unable to mask her frustration in the classroom. Tamyah's teachers say that she is unable to write her own name, an inability that stems from her unfamiliarity with the alphabet. She cannot count past the number 10, and even tracing objects onto paper is problematic. Tamyah's struggles in the classroom serve as a veritable window into her home life. Living in a severely impoverished area of St. Louis, Tamyah's mother is in jail and her father is an alcoholic. Tamyah feels insignificant and overlooked at home, a feeling that translates into severe behavioral issues in the classroom. Tamyah consistently acts up, throwing tantrums and crying. Her behavior is oftentimes fueled by frustration with herself for not performing as well as others in her class. Her teachers maintain that she is very intent on learning, but learning comes with great difficulty for her.

Tamyah's story is one that is all too familiar in both the urban and rural areas of this country. Millions of impoverished children across America are denied the same education as their more affluent counterparts on a daily basis. In America alone, there are 13 million children growing up in poverty. On average, these children are already behind three grade levels by the time they reach their ninth birthdays. Only half of these children then go on to graduate from high school, many at an astonishingly low performance level. In fact, out of the 6-7 million impoverished children lucky enough to graduate from high school, most of them only learn at the eight grade level in the classroom. Tamyah's chances of going to college seem bleaker and bleaker with every statistic.

Tamyah's answer may come from Wendy Kopp, a pioneer looking to effectively bridge this educational gap with her Teach for America initiative. Kopp saw the startling statistics. Furthermore, she saw that students in the United States score below students in almost all other industrialized countries in the world in math and science. She saw that, according to the NAEP, only 25 percent of 17-year-olds are able to write an "adequate" persuasive or analytical essay. Kopp's model for Teach for America is simple: Take our nation's recent college graduates with outstanding leadership potential and place them in America's lowest-income urban and rural classrooms. These college graduates commit themselves to two years of teaching, but their dedication does not stop with the ring of the school bell. Teach for America's Web site affirms that America needs "as many teachers as possible willing to go above and beyond the constraints of the system to ensure that their students excel."

Often times, this program presents impoverished student with a considerable amount of work outside of the school day and, consequentially, an education that cannot be found in the textbooks. Kwame Griffith serves as Director of Diversity Outreach for Teach for America and was willing to share his own personal experiences as a Teach for America corps member. Griffith entered a classroom in Houston where almost all of his fifth-grade students were multiple grade levels behind across the curriculum. With a seemingly impossible task ahead of him, Griffith sought out to bring his students up to the appropriate grade level. He scheduled goal-setting meetings with each student, tutored specific students every day after school and on the weekends and served as a life mentor. When domestic problems were affecting students' performance in the classroom, Griffith directly addressed them, something no one had ever done for these children before. At one point during the school year, Griffith's classroom size doubled to almost 50 when the other fifth grade teacher decided to retire. Despite the retirement and many other setbacks, Griffith achieved his goal. At the end of the year, all of his children were at the fifth-grade level in every subject except for math. Shockingly, the students had not only achieved the fifth-grade level in mathematics, they had surpassed it.

Teach for America's mantra is clear and simple: "Where kids are born, where they grow up, does not need to determine their educational level." How can a grassroots program like Teach for America manage to combat such a pervasive problem in this country? The answer lies in the foundation of the program, which also gives the program strength. The Teach for America model of training teachers was drafted with a very clear intent in mind. It is geared specifically toward students who have little to no familial structure at home, a situation that afflicts millions of children, especially in these rural and inner-city areas. Stephany Copeland, the Campus Campaign Manager for Saint Louis University, explained that Teach for America also relies on a very diverse output of teachers from myriad colleges across the country. According to Copeland, Teach for America first and foremost looks for an extraordinary amount of dynamic leadership and passion in its corps members rather than dwelling on grade point averages. It is through these and many other efforts that Teach for America is able to say that, on average, each Teach for America teacher moves his or her students up two full grade levels each year.

This year, in Phoenix alone, there are upwards of 1,000 classrooms still without teachers. In the city of St. Louis, only one in every 10 children will graduate from college. And in the small rural town of Donna, Texas, only 10 percent of the population has received even a high school diploma. In these areas, where education has become a privilege rather than a right, Teach for America is working hard to provide these children with the opportunities that they deserve. This lofty goal will no doubt be difficult to achieve, but through the work of these dedicated, passionate people, we will one day see a country where the ZIP code of a child like Tamyah will not determine her quality of education.

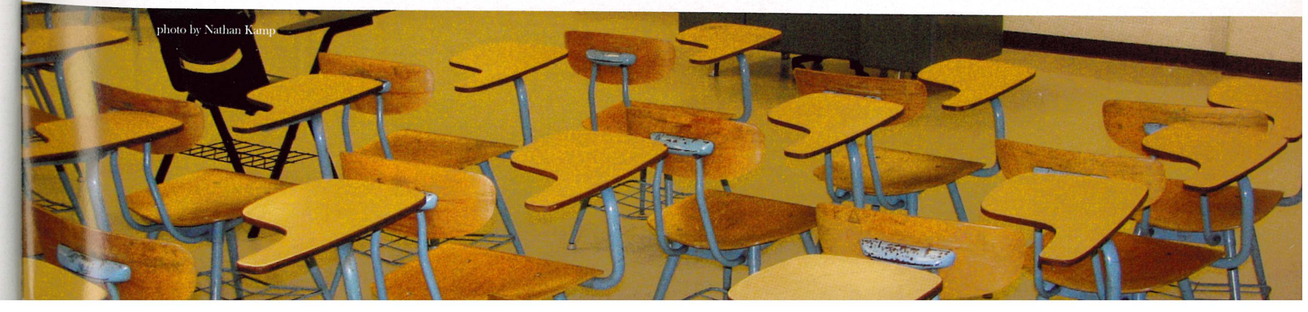


photo by Nathan Kamp

And if we do?

by Patrick Ishmael, SLU

Madman runs a country.
Sons drill and chip.
Starving his people.
Universal condemnation.
He wants the bomb.

And we sit at home.
Some say we must go.
And if we do?

Soldiers sweep in and overtake.
Man is found in a spider hole.
Yet the war does not end there.
Majority becomes majority.
There's hell to pay.

And we sit at home.
Some say we must go.
And if we do?
Iraq.
50,000 human beings.

Hatred unleashed, decades stewing.
Thugs go to the streets.
Sadists and Sadrists, revenge.
Reprisals against their oppressors.
Repression born of repression.

And we sit at home.
Some say we must go.
And if we do?
Sudan.
500,000 human beings.

Images sicken our very souls.
Our troops work. Their troops work.
Bad apples. Work undone.
Yet the worst is not yet here.
No, not yet. Not if we go.

And we sit at home.
Some say we must go.
And if we do?
Rwanda.
800,000 human beings.

It is not our fight.
He lied to us.
Bring them back.
We are hated.
We hate ourselves.

And we sit at home.
Some say we must go.
And if we do?
Cambodia.
2,000,000 human beings.

Thus, the ugly pendulum swings.
Iron-fisted theocracy creeps.
Neighbors killing neighbors.

Innocents die.
Families cry.
Madmen wait.

And we sit at home.
Some say we must go.
And if we do?

U.S. Army photo by Sgt. Tierney Nowland

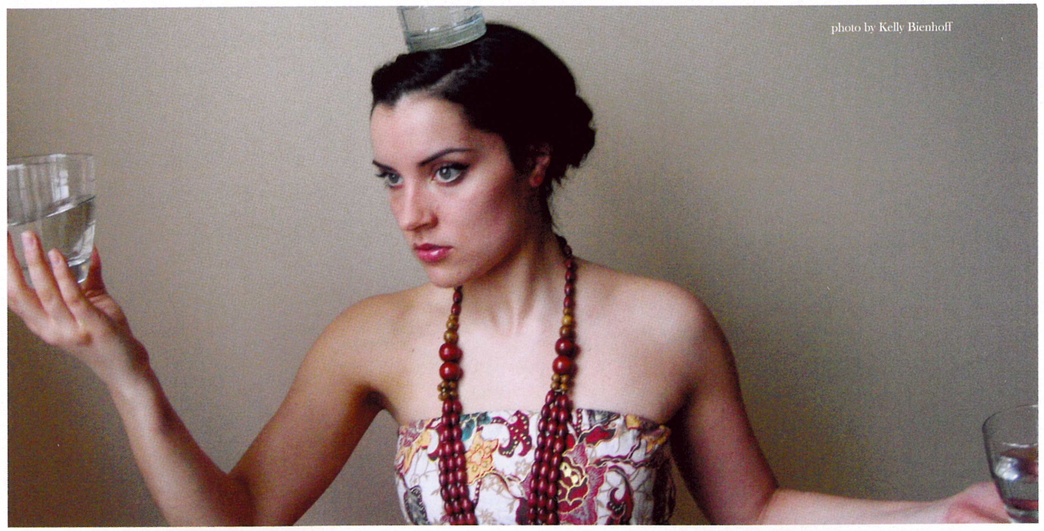


photo by Kelly Bienhoff

Pasaulėžiūra A New Perspective

by Gaja Sidrys, SLU

Envision yourself walking back from class one day, and you are told that you are to leave the country as soon as possible. Imagine being told that the Red Army is coming and you have not a minute to lose! Like thousands of other Lithuanians, all four of my grandparents fled Lithuania to escape Soviet occupation in 1944. Many Lithuanians found refuge in European Displaced Persons camps, especially in Germany. Some refugee students, like my grandparents, even managed to attend universities to pursue careers as doctors, engineers and professors. After only a few years my relatives made their way across the Atlantic and landed on Ellis Island with nothing more than a few dollars entitled to them.

My grandparents prospered well in the United States and truly lived out the American dream. Although, they never stopped hoping that they may return to their beloved Lithuania after it gaining its independence. With this in mind, most Lithuanians kept their traditions and taught their children Lithuanian, which is the oldest living language of the Indo-European countries. Keeping the culture alive was easy for Lithuanians since they tended to congregate in similar cities, if not the same neighborhood. Lithuanian communities developed in cities that required a lot manual labor, such as the mining towns in Pennsylvania and the stockyards in Chicago, since these were the jobs available to them. Most Lithuanians who immigrated to the United States during this time were students, government officials, intellectuals and professionals –potential community leaders– making it easier for them to create structured organizations within their communities in the United States. Lithuanian neighborhoods were fully equipped with restaurants and delis, political and cultural organizations, Lithuanian churches, schools, folk dance groups, youth organizations and even their own theatre/opera companies.

Throughout the years, many Lithuanians in the United States participated in the movement to free Lithuanians by protesting, writing letters and publicizing the abuses of the Soviet Union. Others went to Lithuania trying to help the people within the country. When I was little, I remember my dad compiling 10 massive boxes of medical supplies, candy, toys, books and clothes to take with him to Lithuania. He always had stories of KGB (Soviet State Security) spies that followed his every step in the country, the telephones that were bugged and the limited supply of resources available in the country.

After Lithuania gained a peaceful independence on March 11, 1991, it became much easier to travel through the country freely. The first time I visited Lithuania, there were still remnants of Soviet rule in the air, and I was struck at how people did not smile freely and generally kept to themselves. The second time I traveled to Lithuania was during the summer of 2003, and the country was transformed by happy faces and modernized cities. I was able to partake in the song and dance festival in honor of the 750-year anniversary of our only king's crowning. That same summer I also volunteered with my sisters at Vaiku Vartai (Hope for Children), which assists young mothers in taking care of their children. One of my best memories was taking the children on an outing to a local historical site. Most of these children live in the city and have never even seen some of the sights so close to home because their parents either could not afford the time or pay. On another outing we bought the children some ice cream and I do not think I have ever seen such grateful faces in my life.

Living in Lithuania for the summer, I became better friends with some locals and got to hear their stories of the days under Soviet rule. A girl my age recalled the times when she would have to stand in line for two hours in order to get bread for her family, and wait up to five hours for something exotic, like bananas. Another shocking moment was going to the KGB museum to see the conditions that many Lithuanians were subjected to. I recognized a close family friend in the pictures of the people that were locked up in the prisons and were put through the torture chambers. Her name is Nijole Sadunaite, a devout Catholic who wrote in the paper *The Chronicle*, which was committed to exposing the abuses that went on in Lithuania. She ended up on the KGB's "most wanted" list for "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda" and was deported to several gulags in Siberia. She was considered a beacon of hope for all in those dark days, and fortunately returned home safely after Lithuania gained independence.

I learned at a young age why it was important to participate in Lithuanian activities and keep the culture alive. Born and raised in the suburbs of Chicago, I was surrounded by the Lithuanian culture and heritage in such a way that I identify with Lithuania as much as I do America. Calling myself Lithuanian is not just about the strong ties to my background; it is who I am in the present and how I was involved in Lithuanian activities. Going to Lithuanian school on Saturday mornings as a kid, taking part in song and dance festivals, attending youth meetings or conferences, working at camps for the entire summer, going to folk dance practices and speaking Lithuanian at home with the family are traditions that were very much part of my life growing up. I have no doubt that all these activities enhanced my cultural upbringing, but there were some difficult times as a kid. Having an ethnic name and being put in ESL classes (English as a second language) were only the beginning of my challenges. I remember missing my classmates' birthdays over the summers, and Saturday morning cartoons that my friends would often talk about; missing these things sometimes put me out of the loop as a child. I realized these things I "missed" were petty and there was so much more that was available to me while growing up. Nonetheless, it was challenging to try to balance my two different lives; in the end, I realized that I got the best of both worlds.

Coming to St. Louis I discovered that being Lithuanian had become an option away from home. My family and the Lithuanian community were far away and I was saddened to always hear of all the community activities that I was missing out on. I think this is why I was easily convinced to join FSA (Filipino Student Association) and to partake in their dance performances. The president of FSA is a close friend of mine, and we both shared a common passion for our ethnic background. I am not Filipino, but that does not mean I cannot learn something about other cultures and still have fun at the same time. By participating in FSA, I learned about Filipino cultural traditions, how to make some Filipino dishes and even how to dance gracefully with a glass of water balanced on my head! I was educated about the social and economic tribulations that are going on in the Philippines today. It was not only delightful to learn about another culture, but it was eye-opening to get a deeper understanding of another part of the world.

I like to think of the United States as a Monet painting and each nationality represents the various beautiful and vibrant colors within the painting. We should take pride in our ethnicity(ies) and celebrate them. Diversity is what makes the United States beautiful; it gives life and color to our country. It takes only a little extra effort to step outside what you already know and discover an interesting, colorful and new perspective.

photo by Kestutis Jukstopolis

illustration by Rob Gartland

Child Soldiers

by Felicia Timmermann, SLU

It is time we open our eyes, open our eyes to see the time. A time of pain, a time of sorrow, a time of change. To be able to make that change, we need to hear that voice. The voice of children's cries, the voice of children's shouts, the voice of children's gunshots.

"It is estimated that some 300,000 children- boys and girls under the age 18- are involved in more than 30 conflicts worldwide"(UNICEF). To escape poverty or abuse, some children volunteer their service in the armed forces, while others are pulled from their homes and forcibly enlisted.

"The first time I went into battle I was afraid. Human blood was the first thing I would have every morning. It was my coffee in the morning... every morning" (Youth Ambassadors for Peace, Voices and Stories, Free the Children, 2001). This is a true account from a 16-year-old boy, Ibrahim, who was forced to serve in his country's army as a child.

But there is only one solution out there, and that solution is to rise above and strive for a change. Though we cannot stop the war, we can try to stop the involvement of these children in such a difficult lifestyle. It is time we step out of the shadows and see. See the problem, see the children, and see the solution.

The Invisible Children program is an organization we can go to find this change. This organization strives to not only raise money to educate the children of these nations, but also to educate this nation about this growing epidemic. By contributing a donation, one will receive a bracelet made from the reeds and wire from Uganda and a video that tells about the live of child. That money will then cycle back to the war-affected country, and work to drive the children off the battlefields and back into the classroom. For more information about this movement, visit the official website at www.invisiblechildren.com.

Mark Danner from the New York Times Magazine quoted, "To see the world, you must get close to it." It is time we get close and shed these children from war and invisibility. We are the eyes of the children, seeking to make a difference. We are the eyes of the difference that catch sight of a revolution. The change is there, now it is up to us to open our eyes.

Cosmo Boy

By Jesse Sullivan

Who is my neighbor? Some people say, "We need to take care of our own here before we worry about those people over there." In my tradition of Christianity, Jesus tells us the most important thing for a Christian to do is to "love God with all your heart, and love your neighbor as yourself." (Similarly, in every major religion we find this same rule of reciprocity). A man questions Jesus: "And who is my neighbor?" He responds with the story of the good Samaritan. In this story, we discover that one's neighbor is not determined by his or her race, class, religion or nationality.

However, the true neighbor is simply the person in need—the one beaten on the roadside in need of help. The problem is that we set up "we" groups with which we identify ourselves, and those outside of our group fail to matter as much. God does not fit into a narrow "we" group. God does not love one culture, one nation, even one religion, more than another. God is not just an American. God is not just a Christian (neither was Jesus; he died a Jew). We are supposed to love as God loves. Our job is to love without distinction, without barriers and without borders. We must open our "we" group until it is big enough to fit everyone—until no person lies outside of our circle of highest concern and value.

As we progress spiritually, our ring of identification and area of concern begins to grow. Over the ages, we have politically identified ourselves with a family, a tribe, an empire, and most recently a nation. The construction of the nation-state is a relatively new phenomenon beginning after the 30 years war in 1648. Flags, anthems and pledges were all efforts to construct a new idea- a national identity. I do not take as harsh a stance on nationalism as Albert Einstein who claimed, "Nationalism is an infantile disease. It is the measles of humanity."

I am an American, but first and foremost, I am a citizen of the world. It is not that I love my country any less. I am blessed to live here. I am patriotic and believe strongly in American values. I am not asking you to love your country any less; in fact, love it more. I am just asking you not to stop there. We must love those outside of our country as much as we love those within it. Do we value American lives over the lives of others? The type of nationalism that I dislike is that which says we should love and care about "our own" before we care about others. In my opinion, this is anti-Christian and anti-OneWorld. Is there a next stage in the development of humankind, a progression from nationalism to a wider political identification with all people?

You will decide. We will decide. Until we change our mindset and work to establish better global governance institutions, we are forced to live in an anarchical world where small nation-states pursue their own narrow self-interests in competition with each other, like siblings that are fighting without a parent to settle disputes and remind them that they are all brothers and sisters. We need to re-imagine our reality and thereby recreate it. We must change the way we imagine ourselves and with whom we identify ourselves.

I am a citizen of the world. Are you?

Quiz

question:

What does it mean to be a cosmopolitan?

A) Your favorite ice cream includes strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla.
B) You subscribe to Cosmo magazine
C) You drink too many cocktails
D) You identify yourself first and foremost as a global citizen

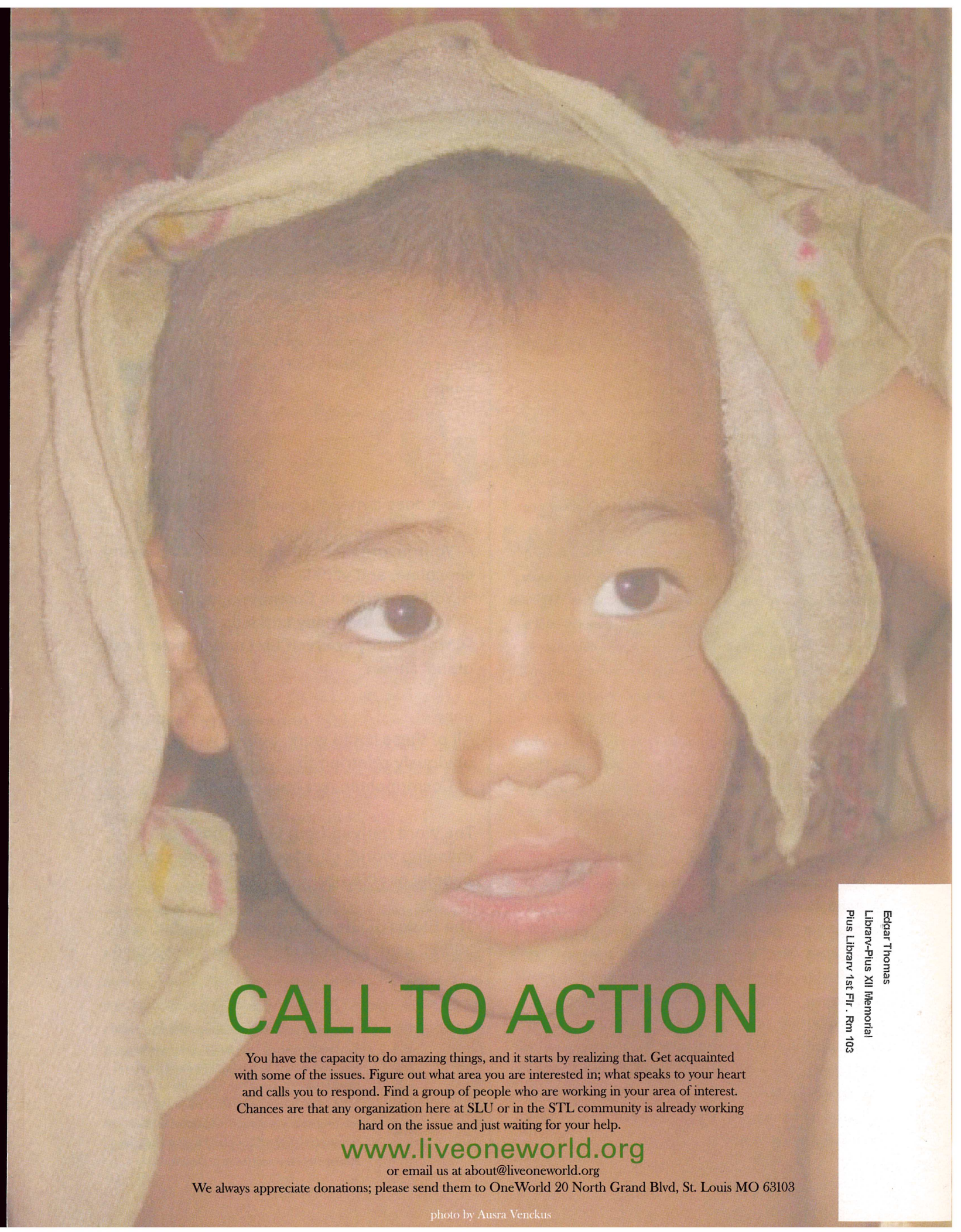
answer:

All of these could work, but we were obviously referring to
D) Cosmopolitan [koz-muh-pol-i-tn]

The word derived from Greek "cosmos" meaning world, plus "polis" meaning city, people, or citizenry.

The Stoics of Greece and Rome beginning in 300 BC were some of the first cosmopolitans.

Jesse Sullivan is the creator of OneWorld. He is currently a senior at Saint Louis University. Next year he will be getting a Masters degree in Global Governance at The University of Oxford in England. Let us know what you think. Please send your comments and responses to JSullivan@LiveOneWorld.org (and it might just be published in the next issue of OneWorld.)



CALL TO ACTION

You have the capacity to do amazing things, and it starts by realizing that. Get acquainted with some of the issues. Figure out what area you are interested in; what speaks to your heart and calls you to respond. Find a group of people who are working in your area of interest. Chances are that any organization here at SLU or in the STL community is already working hard on the issue and just waiting for your help.

www.liveoneworld.org

or email us at about@liveoneworld.org

We always appreciate donations; please send them to OneWorld 20 North Grand Blvd, St. Louis MO 63103

photo by Ausra Venckus

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